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Yale. Young

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THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# REV. DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY HIMSELF.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE

# REVENGE;

A

# TRAGEDY.

*Manet alta mente repostum.* VIRG.

# PROLOGUE,

## BY A FRIEND.

.....
.....

OFT has the buskin'd Muse, with action mean,
Debas'd the glory of the tragic scene ;
While puny villains, dress'd in purple pride,
With crimes obscene the heaven-born rage beli'd.
To her belongs to mourn the Hero's fate,
To trace the errors of the wise and great ;
To mark th' excess of passions too refin'd,
And paint the tumults of a God-like mind ;
Where, mix'd with rage, exalted thoughts combine,
And darkest deeds with beauteous colours shine.
Such lights and shades in a well-mingled draught,
By curious touch of artful pencil wrought,
With soft deceit amuse the doubtful eye,
Pleas'd with the conflict of the various dye.
Thus, thro' the following scenes, with sweet surprise,
Virtue and guilt in dread confusion rise ;
And Love and Hate, at once, and Grief and Joy,
Pity and rage, their mingled force employ.
Here the soft Virgin sees, with secret shame,
Her charms excell'd by friendship's purer flame ;

# PROLOGUE.

Forc'd, with reluctant virtue, to approve
The generous Hero, who rejects her love.
  Behold him there with gloomy passions stain'd,
A wife suspected, and an injur'd friend;
Yet such the toil where innocence is caught,
That rash suspicion seems without a fault.
We dread a while, lest beauty should succeed,
And almost wish e'en Virtue's self may bleed.
  Mark well the black Revenge, the cruel guile,
The traitor-fiend trampling the lovely spoil,
Of Beauty, Truth, and Innocence oppress'd;
Then let the rage of furies fire your breast.
  Yet may his mighty wrongs, his just disdain,
His bleeding country, his lov'd father slain,
His martial pride, your admiration raise,
And crown him with involuntary praise.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## MEN.

Don ALONZO, the *Spanish* General.
Don CARLOS, his Friend.
Don ALVAREZ, a Courtier.
Don MANUEL, Attendant of Don CARLOS,
ZANGA, a Captive *Moor*.

## WOMEN.

LEONORA, ALVAREZ's Daughter,
ISABELLA, the *Moor's* Mistress.

SCENE, *SPAIN*.

# THE
# REVENGE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* ZANGA.

*Zanga.* WHETHER first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me;
I like this rocking of the battlements.
Rage on, ye winds; burst, clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul. [*Enter* Isabella.
Who's there? My love!

*Isabella.* Why have you left my bed?
Your absence more affrights me than the storm.

*Zanga.* The dead alone, in such a night can rest;
And I indulge my meditation here.
Woman, away: I choose to be alone.

*Isabella.* I know you do, and therefore will not leave you;
Excuse me, Zanga, therefore dare not leave you.
Is this a night for walks of contemplation?
Something unusual hangs upon your heart,
And I will know it; by our loves, I will.
To you I sacrificed my virgin fame;
Ask I too much to share in your distress?

*Zanga.* In tears? Thou fool! Then hear me, and be plung'd
In hell's abyss, if ever it escape thee.

To strike thee with astonishment at once,
I hate Alonzo. First recover that,
And then thou shalt hear farther.
*Isabella.* Hate Alonzo!
I own, I thought Alonzo most your friend;
And that he lost the master in that name.
*Zanga.* Hear then: 'Tis twice three years since that great man
(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight:
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursu'd revenge:
I then was young: he plac'd me near his person,
And thought me not dishonor'd by his service.
One day (may that returning day be night,
The stain, the curse of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me; (While I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek—I did not stab him;
For that were poor revenge—E'er since, his folly
Has strove to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot.
Insolent thought! and like a second blow!
Affronts are innocent, where men are worthless;
And such alone can wisely drop revenge.
*Isabella.* But with more temper, Zanga, tell your story:
To see your strong emotions startles me.
*Zanga.* Yes, woman, with a temper that befits it.
Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud *Spaniard*, thou shalt feel me!
For from that day, that day of my dishonour,
I from that day have curs'd the rising sun,
Which never fail'd to tell me of my shame:
I from that day have blest the coming night,
Which promis'd to conceal it; but in vain;
The blow return'd forever in my dream:
Yet on I toil'd, and groan'd for an occasion
Of ample vengeance: None is yet arriv'd.

Howe'er, at present I conceive warm hopes
Of what may wound him sore, in his ambition;
Life of his life, and dearer than his soul.
By nightly march he purpos'd to surprise
The *Moorish* camp; but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, a cast of utmost moment,
Would darken all the conquests he has won.

*Isabella.* Just as I enter'd an express arriv'd.

*Zanga.* To whom?

*Isabella.* His friend Don Carlos.

*Zanga.* Be propitious,
O *Mahomet*, on this important hour,
And give at length my famish'd soul revenge!
What is revenge, but courage to call in
Our honour's debts, and wisdom to convert
Others' self-love into our own protection?
But see the morning ray breaks in upon us;
I'll seek Don Carlos, and inquire my fate. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* MANUEL *and Don* CARLOS.

*Manuel.* My lord Don Carlos, what brings your express?

*Carlos.* Alonzo's glory, and the *Moors* defeat.
The field is strew'd with twice ten thousand slain,
Though he suspects his measures were betray'd.
He'll soon arrive. O how I long t'embrace
The first of heroes, and the best of friends!—
I lov'd fair Leonora long before
The chance of battle gave me to the *Moors*,
From whom so late Alonzo set me free;
And while I groan'd in bondage, I deputed
This great Alonzo, whom her father honours,
To be my gentle advocate in love,
To stir her heart, and fan its fires, for me.

*Manuel.* And what success?

*Carlos.* Alas! the cruel maid—
Indeed, her father, who, though high at court,

And powerful with the king, has wealth at heart,
To heal his devastations from the *Moors*,
Knowing I'm richly freighted from the East,
My fleet now sailing in the sight of *Spain*,
(Heav'n guard it safe through such a dreadful storm!)
Caresses me, and urges her to wed.

*Manuel.* Her aged father, see! leads her this way.

*Carlos.* She looks like radiant youth
Brought forward by the hand of hoary time—
You to the port with speed; 'tis possible
Some vessel is arriv'd; Heav'n grant it bring
Tidings, which Carlos may receive with joy!

*Enter* ALVAREZ *and* LEONORA.

*Alvarez.* Don Carlos, I am labouring in your favour
With all a parent's soft authority,
And earnest counsel.

*Carlos.* Angels second you!
For all my bliss or misery hangs on it.

*Alvarez.* Daughter, the happiness of life depends
On our discretion, and a prudent choice;
Look into those they call unfortunate,
And closer view'd you'll find they are unwise:
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,
And 'tis the trick of fools to save their credit,
Which brought another language into use.
Don Carlos is of ancient, noble blood;
And then his wealth might mend a prince's fortune:
For him the sun is labouring in the mines,
A faithful slave, and turning earth to gold:
His keels are freighted with that sacred pow'r,
By which ev'n kings and emperors are made.
Sir, you have my good wishes: and I hope [*To* Carlos.
My daughter is not indispos'd to hear you. [*Exit* Alv.

*Carlos.* O Leonora! why art thou in tears?
Because I am less wretched than I was?
Before your father gave me leave to woo you,
Hush'd was your bosom, and your eye serene.

Will you forever help me to new pains,
And keep reserves of torment in your hand,
To let them loose on every dawn of joy?
*Leonora.* Think you my father too indulgent to me,
That he claims no dominion o'er my tears?
A daughter sure may be right dutiful,
Whose tears alone are free from a restraint—
*Carlos.* Ah my torn heart!
*Leonora.* Regard not me, my lord;
I shall obey my father.
*Carlos.* Disobey him,
Rather than come thus coldly; than come thus
With absent eyes, and alienated mien,
Suff'ring address, the victim of my love.
O let me be undone the common way,
And have the common comfort to be pity'd,
And not be ruin'd in the mask of bliss,
And so be envy'd, and be wretched too!
Love calls for love. Not all the pride of beauty;
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of;
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life;
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt:
All these possest are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.
*Leonora.* Alas! my lord, we are too delicate;
And when we grasp the happiness we wish'd,
We call on wit to argue it away:
A plainer man would not feel half your pains;
But some have too much wisdom to be happy.
*Carlos.* Had I known this before, it had been well:
I had not then solicited your father
To add to my distress; as you behave,
Your father's kindness stabs me to the heart.
Give me your hand—Nay, give it, Leonora:
You give it not;—nay, yet you give it not—
I ravish it.——
*Leonora.* I pray, my lord, no more.

*Carlos.* Ah! why so sad? You know each sigh does shake me;
Sighs there, are tempests here.——
I've heard, bad men would be unblest in heav'n:
What is my guilt, that makes me so with you?
Have I not languish'd prostrate at thy feet?
Have I not liv'd whole days upon thy sight?
Have I not seen thee where thou hast not been,
And mad with the idea, clasp'd the wind,
And doated upon nothing?

*Leonora.* Court me not,
Good Carlos, by recounting of my faults,
And telling how ungrateful I have been:
Alas! my lord, if talking would prevail,
I could suggest much better arguments,
Than those regards you threw away on me;
Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all:
But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,
And with an argument new-set a pulse;
Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

*Carlos.* Must I then despair? Do not shake me thus;
My tempest-beaten heart is cold to death:
Ah! turn, and let me warm me in thy beauties.
Heav'ns! what a proof I gave, but two nights past,
Of matchless love! To fling me at thy feet,
I slighted friendship, and I flew from fame;
Nor heard the summons of the next day's battle:
But darting headlong to thy arms, I left
The promis'd fight; I left Alonzo too,
To stand the war, and quell a world alone. [*Trumpets.*

*Leonora.* The victor comes. My lord, I must withdraw.

*Carlos.* And must you go?

*Leonora.* Why should you wish my stay?
Your friend's arrival will bring comfort to you,
My presence none; it pains you and myself:
For both our sakes, permit me to withdraw.

[*Exit* Leonora.

*Carlos.* Sure there's no peril, but in love. O how
My foes would boast to see me look so pale !

*Enter* ALONZO.

*Carlos.* Alonzo !

*Alonzo.* Carlos !—I am whole again :
Claspt in thy arms, it makes my heart entire.

*Carlos.* Whom dare I thus embrace ? The conqueror of *Africk ?*

*Alonzo.* Yes, much more ; Don Carlos' friend.
The conquest of the world would cost me dear,
Should it beget one thought of distance in thee :
I rise in virtue to come nearer thee :
I conquer with Don Carlos in my eye ;
And thus I claim my victory's reward. [*Embracing him.*

*Carlos.* A victory indeed, your godlike arm
Has made one spot the grave of *Africa.*
Such numbers fell ; and the survivors fled
As frighted passengers from off the strand,
When the tempestuous sea comes roaring on them.

*Alonzo.* 'Twas Carlos conquer'd ; 'twas his cruel chains
Inflam'd me to a rage unknown before,
And threw my former actions far behind.

*Carlos.* I love fair Leonora : How I love her !
Yet still I find (I know not how it is)
Another heart, another soul, for thee :
Thy friendship warms, it raises, it transports
Like music ; pure the joy without allay ;
Whose very rapture is tranquility :
But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures ;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

*Enter* ZANGA.

*Zanga.* Manuel, my lord, returning from the port,
On business, both of moment and of haste,
Humbly begs leave to speak in private with you.

*Carlos.* In private !—Ha—Alonzo, I'll return ;
No business can detain me long from thee. [*Exit* Car.

*Zanga.* My lord Alonzo, I obey'd your orders.
*Alonzo.* Will the fair Leonora pass this way ?
*Zanga.* She will, my lord ; and soon.
*Alonzo.* Come near me, Zanga ;
For I dare open all my heart to thee.
Never was such a day of triumph known !
There's not a wounded captive in my train,
That slowly follow'd my proud chariot wheels,
With half a life, and beggary and chains,
But is a god to me : I am most wretched.
In his captivity, thou know'st, Don Carlos,
My friend, (and never was a friend more dear)
Deputed me his advocate in love,
To talk to Leonora's heart, and make
A tender party in her thoughts, for him.
What did I do ? I lov'd myself. Indeed,
One thing there is might lessen my offence
(If such offence admits of being lessen'd ;)
I thought him dead ; for (by what fate I know not)
His letters never reach'd me.
*Zanga.* [*Aside.*] Thanks to Zanga,
Who thence contriv'd that evil which has happen'd.
*Alonzo.* Yes, curs'd of heav'n ! I lov'd myself; and now,
In a late action rescu'd from the Moors,
I have brought home my rival in my friend.
*Zanga.* We hear, my lord, that in that action too,
Your interposing arm preserv'd his life.
*Alonzo.* It did—with more than the expence of mine ;
For, O ! this day is mention'd for their nuptials.
But see, she comes—I'll take my leave, and die.
*Zanga.* [*Aside.*] Hadst thou a thousand lives, thy death would please me.
Unhappy fate ! my country overcome ;
My six years hope of vengeance quite expir'd !——
Would nature were—I will not fall alone ;
But others' groans shall tell the world my death.

*Enter* LEONORA.

*Alonzo.* When nature ends with anguish like to this,
Sinners shall take their last leave of the sun,
And bid the light adieu.
*Leonora.* The mighty conqueror
Dismay'd ! I thought you gave your foes your sorrows.
*Alonzo.* O cruel insult ! are those tears your sport,
Which nothing but a love for you could draw ?
*Africk* I quell'd, in hope by that to purchase
Your leave to sigh unscorn'd ; but I complain not ;
'Twas but a world ; and you are—Leonora.
*Leonora.* That passion, which you boast of is your guilt ;
A treason to your friend. You think mean of me,
To plead your crimes as motives of my love.
*Alonzo.* You, Madam, ought to thank those crimes you blame ;
'Tis they permit you to be thus inhuman,
Without the censure both of earth and heav'n—
I fondly thought a last look might be kind.
Farewel forever.—This severe behaviour
Has, to my comfort, made it sweet to die.
*Leonora.* [*Aside.*] Farewel forever !—Sweet to die !—
O heav'n !
Alonzo, stay ; you must not thus escape me ;
But hear your guilt at large.
*Alonzo.* O Leonora !
What could I do ? in duty to my friend,
I saw you ; and to see is to admire :
For Carlos did I plead, and most sincerely ;
Witness the thousand agonies that it cost me :
You know I did ; I sought but your esteem ;
If that is guilt, an angel had been guilty :
I often sigh'd ; nay wept ; but could not help it ;
And sure it is no crime to be in pain !
But grant my crime was great, I'm greatly curs'd.
What would you more ? Am I not most undone ?
This usage is like stamping on the murder'd,
When life is fled ; most barbarous and unjust.

*Leonora.* [*Going.*] If from your guilt none suffer'd but yourself,
It might be so——Farewel.
*Alonzo.* Who suffers with me?
*Leonora.* Enjoy your ignorance, and let me go.
*Alonzo.* Alas! what is there I can fear to know,
Since I already know your hate? Your actions
Have long since told me that.
*Leonora.* They flatter'd you.
*Alonzo.* How? Flatter'd me!
*Leonora.* O search in fate no further!
I hate thee, O Alonzo! How I hate thee!
*Alonzo.* Indeed! and do you weep for hatred too?
O what a doubtful torment heaves my heart!——
I hope it most—and yet I dread it more.
Should it be so; should her tears flow from thence;
How would my soul blaze up in ecstacy!
Ah, no! How sink into the depth of horrors!
*Leonora.* Why would you force my stay?
*Alonzo.* What mean these tears?
*Leonora.* I weep by chance; nor have my tears a meaning—
But, O! when I first saw Alonzo's tears,
I knew their meaning well.
[Alonzo *falls passionately on his knees, and takes her hand.*
*Alonzo.* Heavens, what is this? That excellence for which
Desire was planted in the heart of man;
Virtue's supreme reward on this side heav'n;
The cordial of my soul! and this destroys me——
Indeed I flatter'd me that thou didst hate.
*Leonora.* Alonzo, pardon me the injury
Of loving you: I struggled with my passion,
And struggled long; let that be some excuse.
*Alonzo.* Unkind! You know I think your love a blessing
Beyond all human blessings; 'tis the price
Of sighs and groans, and a whole year of dying:
But O the curse of curses! O my friend!

*Leonora.* Alas!

*Alonzo.* What says my love?—Speak, Leonora.

*Leonora.* Was it for you, my lord, to be so quick,
In finding out objections to our love?
Think you so strong my love, or weak my virtue,
It was unsafe to leave that part to me?

*Alonzo.* Is not the day then fix'd for your espousals?

*Leonora.* Indeed, my father once had thought that way;
But marking how the marriage pain'd my heart,
Long he stood doubtful; but at last resolv'd
Your counsel, which determines him in all,
Should finish the debate.

*Alonzo.* O agony!
Must I not only lose her, but be made
Myself the instrument? Not only die,
But plunge the dagger in my heart myself?
This is refining on calamity.

*Leonora.* What! do you tremble lest you should be mine?
For what else can you tremble? Not for that
My father places in your power to alter.

*Alonzo.* What's in my power?—O yes, to stab my friend!

*Leonora.* To stab your friend were barbarous indeed!
Spare him—and murder me—I own, Alonzo,
You may well wonder at such words as these;
I start at them myself; they fright my nature:
Great is my fault; but blame not me alone:
Give him a little blame, who took such pains
To make me guilty.

*Alonzo.* Torment!

[*After a pause* Leonora *speaks.*

*Leonora.* O my shame!
I sue, and sue in vain; it is most just:
When women sue, they sue to be deny'd.
You hate me, you despise me: You do well:

For what I've done, I hate and scorn myself.
O night fall on me! I shall blush to death.
*Alonzo.* First perish all.
*Leonora.* Say; what have you resolv'd?
My father comes; what answer will you give him?
*Alonzo.* What answer? Let me look upon that face,
And read it there—Devote thee to another!
Not to be borne! A second look undoes me.
*Leonora.* And why undo you? Is it then, my lord,
So terrible to yield to your own wishes,
Because they happen to concur with mine?
Cruel! to take such pains to win a heart,
Which you was conscious you must break with parting.
*Alonzo.* [*Runs and embraces her.*] No, Leonora; I am thine for ever,
In spite of Carlos.—Ha! Who's that? My friend!
[*Starts wide from her.*
Alas! I see him pale; I hear his groans:
He foams, he tears his hair, he raves, he bleeds;
(I know him by myself) he dies distracted.
*Leonora.* How dreadful to be cut from what we love!
*Alonzo.* Ah! speak no more.
*Leonora.* And ty'd to what we hate!
*Alonzo.* Oh!
*Leonora.* Is it possible?
*Alonzo.* Death!
*Leonora.* Can you?
*Alonzo.* Oh——
Yes, take a limb; but let my virtue 'scape.
Alas! my soul, this moment I die for thee. [*Breaks away.*
*Leonora.* And are you perjur'd then for virtue's sake?
How often have you sworn! But go for ever.—[*Swoons.*
*Alonzo.* Heart of my heart, and essence of my joy!
Where art thou?—O, I'm thine, and thine for ever!
The groans of friendship shall be heard no more;
For whatsoever crimes I can commit,
I've felt the pains already.
*Leonora.* Hold, Alonzo;

And hear a maid, whom doubly thou hast conquer'd:
I love thy virtue, as I love thy person;
And I adore thee for the pain it gave me:
But as I felt the pain, I'll reap the fruit;
I'll shine out in my turn, and shew the world
Thy great example was not lost upon me.
Be it enough, that I have once been guilty;
In sight of such a pattern, to persist,
Ill suits a person honour'd with your love.
My other titles to that bliss are weak:
I must deserve it by refusing it:
Thus then I tear thee from my hopes forever.
Shall I contribute to Alonzo's crimes?
No, though the life-blood gushes from my heart,
You shall not be asham'd of Leonora,
Or, that late time may put our names together.
Nay, never shrink; take back the bright example
You lately lent: O take it while you may;
While I can give it you, and be immortal. [*Exit.*

*Alonzo.* She's gone, and I shall see that face no more;
But pine in absence, and till death adore.
When with cold dew my fainting brow is hung,
And my eyes darken, from my fault'ring tongue
Her name will tremble in a feeble moan,
And Love, with Fate, divide my dying groan.

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* MANUEL *and* ZANGA.

*Zanga.* IF this be true, I cannot blame your pain
For wretched Carlos: 'tis but human in you.
But when arriv'd your dismal news?
*Manuel.* This hour.
*Zanga.* What, not a vessel sav'd?
*Manuel.* All, all, the storm
Devour'd; and now, o'er his late envy'd fortune,
The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,
Triumphant in his ruin.
*Zanga.* Is Alvarez
Determin'd to deny his daughter to him?
That treasure was on shore; must that too join
The common wreck?
*Manuel.* Alvarez pleads indeed,
That Leonora's heart is disinclin'd,
And pleads that only; so it was this morning,
When he concurr'd: The tempest broke the match,
And sunk his favour, when it sunk the gold:
The love of gold is double in his heart;
The vice of age, and of Alvarez too.
*Zanga.* How does Don Carlos bear it?
*Manuel.* Like a man,
Whose heart feels most a human heart can feel,
And reasons best a human head can reason.
*Zanga.* But is he then in absolute despair?
*Manuel.* Never to see his Leonora more:
And, quite to quench all future hope, Alvarez
Urges Alonzo to espouse his daughter
This very day; for he has learnt their loves.
*Zanga.* Ha! was not that receiv'd with ecstacy
By Don Alonzo?
*Manuel.* Yes, at first; but soon
A damp came o'er him; it would kill his friend.

*Zanga.* Not if his friend consented; and since now
He can't himself espouse her——
*Manuel.* Yet to ask it
Has something shocking to a generous mind;
At least Alonzo's spirit startles at it.
Wide is the distance between our despair,
And giving up a mistress to another.
But I must leave you. Carlos wants support
In his severe affliction. [*Exit* Manuel.
*Zanga.* Ha! it dawns——
It rises to me like a new found world
To mariners long time distress'd at sea,
Sore from a storm, and all their viands spent;——
Or like the sun just rising out of chaos,
Some dregs of ancient night not quite purg'd off:
But I shall finish it—Ho! Isabella! [*Enter* Isabella.
I thought of dying; better things come forward;
*Vengeance* is still alive; from her dark covert,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.
When, Isabel, arriv'd Don Carlos here?
*Isabella.* Two nights ago.
*Zanga.* That was the very night
Before the battle—Memory, set down that;
It has the essence of a crocodile,
Though yet but in the shell—I'll give it birth—
What time did he return?
*Isabella.* At midnight.
*Zanga.* So——
Say, did he see, that night, his Leonora?
*Isabella.* No, my good lord.
*Zanga.* No matter—Tell me, woman,
Is not Alonzo rather brave than cautious;
Honest than subtle; above fraud himself;
Slow therefore to suspect it in another?
*Isabella.* You best can judge; but so the world thinks of him.
*Zanga.* Why that is well——Go fetch my tablets hither. [*Exit* Isabella

Two nights ago, my father's sacred shade
Thrice stalk'd around my bed, and smil'd upon me;
He smil'd, a joy then little understood——
It must be so—and if so, it is vengeance
Worth waking of the dead for.

[*Re-enter* Isabella *with the tablets.* Zanga *writes, then reads as to himself.*

Thus it stands—
The father's fixt—Don Carlos cannot wed——
Alonzo may—but that will hurt his friend——
Nor can he ask his leave——If he did,
He might not gain it——It is hard to give
Our own consent to ills, though we must bear them.—
Were it not then a master-piece, worth all
The wisdom I can boast, first to persuade
Alonzo to request it of his friend,
His friend to grant—then, from that very grant,
The strongest proof of friendship man can give,
(And other motives) to work out a cause
Of jealousy, to rack Alonzo's peace?——
I have turn'd o'er the catalogue of woes,
Which sting the heart of man, and find none equal:
It is the *Hydra* of calamities;
The seven-fold death: The jealous are the damn'd.
O jealousy, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire!

*Isabella.* Alonzo comes this way.

*Zanga.* Most opportunely.
Withdraw.—Ye subtle *Dæmons*, which reside [*Exit* Isa.
In courts, and do your work with bows and smiles,
That little engin'ry, more mischievous
Than fleets and armies, and the cannon's murder,
Teach me to look a lie; give me your maze
Of gloomy thought, and intricate design,
To catch the man I hate, and then devour.

[*Enter* Alonzo

My lord, I give you joy.

*Alonzo.* Of what, good Zanga ?
*Zanga.* Is not the lovely Leonora yours ?
*Alonzo.* What will become of Carlos ?
*Zanga.* He's your friend ;
And since he can't espouse the fair himself,
Will take some comfort from Alonzo's fortune.
*Alonzo.* Alas ! thou little know'st the force of love ;
Love reign's a sultan with unrivall'd sway,
Puts all relations, friendship's self, to death,
If once he's jealous of it. I love Carlos ;
Yet well I know what pangs I felt this morning
At his intended nuptials : For myself
I then felt pains, which now for him I feel.
*Zanga.* You will not wed her then ?
*Alonzo.* Not instantly :
Insult his broken heart the very moment !
*Zanga.* I understand you ; But you'll wed hereafter,
When your friend's gone, and his first pain assuag'd ?
*Alonzo.* Am I to blame for that ?
*Zanga.* My lord, I love
Your very errors ; they are born from virtue :
Your friendship (and what nobler passion claims
The heart ?) does lead your blindness to your ruin.
Consider, wherefore did Alvarez break
Don Carlos' match, and wherefore urge Alonzo's ?
'Twas the same cause ; the love of wealth : To-morrow
May see Alonzo in Don Carlos' fortune ;
A higher bidder is a better friend ;
And there are princes sigh for Leonora.
When your friend's gone, you'll wed ; why then the cause,
Which gives you Leonora now, will cease.
Carlos has lost her ; should you lose her too,
Why then you heap new torments on your friend,
By that respect which labour'd to relieve him.——
'Tis well ; he is disturb'd ; it makes him pause. [*aside.*
*Alonzo.* Think'st thou, my Zanga, should I ask Don Carlos,

His goodness will consent that I should wed her ?
*Zanga.* I know it would.
*Alonzo.* But then the cruelty
To ask it ; and for *me* to ask it of him !
*Zanga.* Methinks, you are severe upon your friend :
Who was it gave him liberty and life ?
*Alonzo.* That is the very reason which forbids it :
Were I a stranger, I could freely speak :
In me, it so resembles a demand,
Exacting of a debt, it shocks my nature.
*Zanga.* My lord, you know the sad alternative.
Is Leonora worth one pang or not ?
It hurts not me, my lord, but as I love you ;
Warmly as you, I wish Don Carlos well ;
But I am likewise Don Alonzo's friend :
There all the difference lies between us two :
In me, my lord, you hear another self,
And, give me leave to add, a better too,
Clear'd from those errors, which, tho' caus'd by virtue,
Are such as may hereafter give you pain.———
Don Lopez of *Castile* would not demur thus.
*Alonzo.* Perish the name ! What ! sacrifice the fair
To age and illness, because set in gold ?
I'll to Don Carlos, if my heart will let me :
I have not seen him since his sore affliction ;
But shunn'd it, as too terrible to bear :
How shall I bear it now ? I'm struck already. [*Exit* Al.
*Zanga.* Half my work is done. I must secure
Don Carlos, ere Alonzo speaks with him.
[*He gives a message to a servant, then returns.*
Proud, hated *Spain !* oft drench'd in *Moorish* blood ;
Dost thou not feel a deadly foe within thee ?
Shake not thy tow'rs where ere I pass along,
Conscious of ruin, and their great destroyer ?
Shake to the centre, if Alonzo's dear.
Look down, O holy prophet ! see me torture
This Christian dog, this infidel, which dares
To smite thy votaries, and spurn thy law ;

And yet hopes pleasure from two radiant eyes,
Which look as they were lighted up for thee!
Shall he enjoy thy paradise below?
Blast the bold thought, and curse him with her charms.—
But see the melancholy lover comes.

*Enter Don* CARLOS.

*Carlos.* Hope, thou hast told me lies from day to day,
For more than twenty years; vile promiser!
None here are happy, but the very fool,
Or very wise; And I wasn't fool enough,
To smile in vanities, and hug a shadow;
Nor have I wisdom to elaborate
An artificial happiness from pains:
Ev'n joys are pains, because they cannot last. [*Sighs.*
Yet much is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession,
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;
For envy to small minds is flattery.
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
Against their consciences! And this we know;
Yet, knowing, disbelieve; and try again
What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction:
Each new experience gives the former credit,
And reverend grey Threescore is but a voucher,
That Thirty told us true.

*Zanga.* My noble lord,
I mourn your fate: But are no hopes surviving?

*Carlos.* No hopes. Alvarez has a heart of steel:
'Tis fixt; 'tis past; 'tis absolute despair.

*Zanga.* You wanted not to have your heart made tender
By your own gains, to feel a friends distress.

*Carlos.* I understand you well. Alonzo loves;
I pity him.

*Zanga.* I dare be sworn you do:
Yet he has other thoughts.

*Carlos.* What canst thou mean?

*Zanga.* Indeed he has; and fears to ask a favour,
A stranger from a stranger might request;
What costs you Nothing, yet is All to him:
Nay, what indeed will to your glory add,
For nothing more than wishing your friend well.
*Carlos.* I pray be plain: His happiness is mine.
*Zanga.* He loves to death; but so reveres his friend,
He can't persuade his heart to wed the maid,
Without your leave, and that he fears to ask
In perfect tenderness: I urg'd him to it,
Knowing the deadly sickness of his heart,
Your overflowing goodness to your friend,
Your wisdom, and despair yourself to wed her;
I wrung a promise from him he would try;
And now I come a mutual friend to both,
Without his privacy, to let you know it,
And to prepare you kindly to receive him.
*Carlos.* Ha! if he weds, I am undone indeed:
Not Don Alvarez's self can then relieve me.
*Zanga.* Alas! my lord, *you know his heart is steel:*
*'Tis fixt! 'tis past! 'tis absolute despair.*
*Carlos.* O cruel heav'n! and is it not enough
That I must never, never see her more?
Say, is it not enough that I must die;
But must I be tormented in the grave?
Ask my consent!—Must I then give her to him?
Lead to his nuptial sheets the blushing maid?
O! Leonora! never, never, never!
*Zanga.* [*aside.*] A storm of plagues upon him! He refuses.
*Carlos.* What! wed her?—and to-day?
*Zanga.* To-day, or never:
To-morrow may some wealthier lover bring,
And then Alonzo is thrown out like you;
Then whom shall he condemn for his misfortune?
Carlos is an Alvarez to his love.
*Carlos.* O torment! whither shall I turn?
*Zanga.* To peace.

*Carlos.* Which is the way ?
*Zanga.* *His happiness is yours :*
I dare not disbelieve you.
*Carlos.* Kill my friend !
Or worse ! Alas ! and can there be a worse ?——
A worse there is ! nor can my nature bear it.
*Zanga.* You have convinc'd me, 'tis a dreadful task.
I find, Alonzo's quitting her this morning,
For Carlos' sake, in tenderness to you,
Betray'd me to believe it less severe
Than I perceive it is.——
*Carlos.* Thou dost upbraid me.
*Zanga.* No, my good lord ; but since you can't comply,
'Tis my misfortune that I mention'd it ;
For had I not, Alonzo would indeed
Have dy'd, as now ; but not by your decree.
*Carlos.* By my decree ! Do I decree his death ?
I do——Shall I then lead her to his arms ?
O ! which side shall I take ? be stabb'd ? or—stab ?
'Tis equal death, a choice of agonies.—
Ah, no ! all other agonies are ease
To one—O Leonora !—Never, never !
Go, Zanga, go ; defer the dreadful trial,
Tho' but a day ; something perchance may happen
To soften all to friendship, and to love :
Go ; stop my friend ; let me not see him now ;
But save us from an interview of death.
*Zanga.* My lord, I'm bound in duty to obey you.——
If I not bring him, may Alonzo prosper ! [*aside.*
[*Exit* Zanga.
*Carlos.* What is this world ?—Thy school, O misery !
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer ;
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.
Tho' deep my pangs, and heavy at my heart,
My comfort is, each moment takes away
A grain at least from the dead load that's on me,
And gives a nearer prospect of the grave.
But put it most severely—should I live——

Live long—Alas! there is no length in time;
Not in thy time, O man! What's fourscore years?
Nay, what indeed the age of time itself,
Since cut from out eternity's wide round?
Away then. To a mind resolv'd and wise,
There is an impotence in misery,
Which makes me smile, when all its shafts are in me.
Yet Leonora——She can make time long;
Its nature alter, as she alter'd mine:
While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away;
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surpris'd to hear that I grew old;
Now fate does rigidly its dues regain,
And ev'ry moment is an age of pain.

*As he is going out, Enter* ZANGA *and* ALONZO, ZANGA *stops* CARLOS.

*Zanga.* Is this Don Carlos? This the boasted friend?
How can you turn your back upon his sadness?
Look on him; and then leave him, if you can.
Whose sorrows thus depress him? Not his own:
This moment he *could* wed without your leave.

*Carlos.* I cannot yield, nor can I bear his griefs.
Alonzo! [*Going to him, and taking his hand.*

*Alonzo.* O Carlos!

*Carlos.* Pray, forbear.

*Alonzo.* Art thou undone, and shall Alonzo smile?
Alonzo! who perhaps in some degree
Contributed to cause thy dreadful fate?
I was deputied guardian of thy love;
But, O! I lov'd myself. Pour down, *afflictions!*
On this devoted head; make me your mark;
And be the world by my example taught,
How sacred it should hold the name of friend!

*Carlos.* You charge yourself unjustly; well I know
The only cause of my severe affliction.
Alvarez, curs'd Alvarez—So much anguish,

Felt for so small a failure, is one merit
Which faultless virtue wants. The crime was mine,
Who plac'd thee there, where only thou could'st fail;
Though well I knew that dreadful post of honour
I gave thee to maintain. Ah! who could bear
Those eyes unhurt? The wounds myself have felt,
Which wounds alone should cause me to condemn thee;
They plead in thy excuse; for I too strove
To shun those fires, and found 'twas not in man.

*Alonzo.* You cast in shades the failures of a friend,
And soften all; but think not you deceive me:
I know my guilt; and I implore your pardon,
As the sole glimpse I can obtain of peace.

*Carlos.* Pardon for him who, but this morning, threw
Fair Leonora from his heart, all bath'd
In ceaseless tears, and blushing with her love?
Who, like a rose-leaf, wet with morning dew,
Would have stuck close, and clung forever there?
But 'twas in thee, through fondness to thy friend,
To shut thy bosom against ecstacies;
For which, whilst this pulse beats, it beats to thee;
While this blood flows, it flows for my Alonzo;
And every wish is levell'd at thy joy.

*Zanga.* [*To* Alonzo.] My lord, my lord, this is your time to speak.

*Alonzo.* [*To* Zanga.] Because he's kind? It therefore is the worst;
For 'tis his kindness which I fear to hurt:
Shall the same moment see him sink in woes,
And me providing for a flood of joys,
Rich in the plunder of his happiness?
No; I may die; But I can never speak.

*Carlos.* [*aside.*] Now, now it comes! they are concerting it;
The first word strikes me dead—O Leonora!
And shall another taste her fragrant breath?
Who knows what after-time may bring to pass?
Fathers may change, and I may wed her still.

*Alonzo.* [*To* Zanga.] Do I not see him quite possess'd with anguish,
Which, like a dæmon writhes him to and fro;
And shall I pour in new? No, fond desire;
No, love! One pang at parting, and farewel:
I have no other love but Carlos now.

*Carlos.* Alas, my friend! why, with such eager grasps,
Dost press my hand, and weep upon my cheek?

*Alonzo.* If, after death, our forms (as some believe)
Shall be transparent, naked ev'ry thought,
And friends meet friends, and read each other's hearts,
Thou'lt know, one day, that thou wast held most dear.
Farewel.

*Carlos.* Alonzo, stay—he cannot speak— [*Holds him.*
Lest it should grieve me—Shall I be outdone?
And lose in glory, as I lose in love? [*aside.*
I take it much unkindly, my Alonzo,
You think so meanly of me, not to speak,
When, well I know, your heart is near to bursting.
Have you forgot how you have bound me to you?
Your smallest friendship's liberty and life.

*Alonzo.* There, there it is, my friend; it cuts me there.
How dreadful is it, to a generous mind,
To ask, when sure it cannot be deny'd!

*Carlos.* How greatly thought! In all he tow'rs above me. [*aside.*
Then you confess you would ask something of me.

*Alonzo.* No, on my soul.

*Zanga.* [*To Alonzo.*] Then lose her.

*Carlos.* Glorious spirit!
Why, what a pang has he run through for this!
By heaven, I envy him his agonies.
Why was not mine the most illustrious lot,
Of starting at one action from below,
And flaming up into consummate greatness?
Ha! Angels strengthen me!—It shall be so—

I can't want strength. Great actions, once conceiv'd,
Strengthen like wine and animate the soul,
And call themselves to being. [*aside.*]——My Alonzo!
Since thy great soul disdains to make request,
Receive with favour that I make to thee.

*Alonzo.* What means my Carlos?

*Carlos.* Pray observe me well:
Fate and Alvarez tore her from my heart;
And, plucking up my love, they had well nigh
Pluck'd up life too; for they were twin'd together:
Of that no more—What now does reason bid?
I cannot wed—Farewel my happiness;
But, O my soul! with care provide for her's:
In life, how weak! how helpless is a woman!
Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,
And often wounded, while she plucks the rose;
So properly the object of affliction,
That heav'n is pleas'd to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears,
Take then my heart in dowry with the fair;
Be thou her guardian, and thou must be mine;
Shut out the thousand pressing ills of life
With thy surrounding arms—Do this; and then
Set down the liberty and life thou gav'st me
As little things, as essays of thy goodness,
And rudiments of friendship so divine.

*Alonzo.* There is grandeur in thy goodness to me,
Which with thy foes would render thee ador'd:
But have a care; nor think I can be pleas'd
With any thing that lays in pains for thee:
Thou dost dissemble, and thy heart's in tears.

*Carlos.* My heart's in health, my spirits dance their round,
And at my eye pleasure looks out in smiles.

*Alonzo.* And canst thou, canst thou part with Leonora?

*Carlos.* I do not part with her; I give her thee.

*Alonzo.* O Carlos!

*Carlos.* Don't distrust me; I'm sincere;

Nor is it more than simple justice in me:
This morn didst thou resign her for my sake;
I but perform a virtue learnt from thee;
Discharge a debt, and pay her to thy wishes.

*Alonzo.* Ah! how?—But think not words were ever made
For such occasions: Silence, tears, embraces,
Are languid eloquence: I'll seek relief
In absence from the pain of so much goodness;
There thank the blest above, thy sole superiors,
Adore, and raise my thoughts of them by thee. [*Exit.*

*Zanga* [*aside.*] Thus far success has crown'd my boldest hope:
My next care is to hasten these new nuptials;
And then my master-works begin to play.
Why that was greatly done, without one sigh [*To* Carlos.
To carry such a glory to its period.

*Carlos.* Too soon thou praisest me. He's gone; and now
I must unsluice my over burden'd heart,
And let it flow: I would not grieve my friend
With tears, nor interrupt my great design;
Great, sure, as ever human breast durst think of.
But now my sorrows, long with pain suppress,
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway,
O'erswell all bounds, and bear e'en life away:
So, till the day was won, the *Greek* renown'd,
With anguish wore the arrow in his wound;
Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dy'd. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* ZANGA *and* ISABELLA.

*Zanga.* O JOY, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam; but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart;
A fiery, instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount——The spirits numberless
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er inform me——
O bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss;
Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd; for be sure
It is thy last; thy last smile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek; enjoy it whilst thou may'st;
Anguish, and groans, and death, bespeak to-morrow.
My Isabella!

*Isabella.* What commands my *Moor?*

*Zanga.* My fair ally! my lovely minister!
'Twas well Alvarez, by my arts impell'd,
(To plunge Don Carlos in the last despair,
And so prevent all future molestation)
Finish'd the nuptials soon as he resolv'd them;
This conduct ripen'd all for me, and ruin.
Scarce had the priest the holy rite perform'd,
When I, by sacred inspiration, forg'd
That letter, which I trusted to thy hand;
That letter, which, in glowing terms, conveys,
From happy Carlos to fair Leonora,
The most profound acknowledgment of heart
For wond'rous transports, which he never knew.
This is a good subservient artifice,
To aid the nobler workings of my brain.

*Isabella.* I quickly dropt it in the bride's apartment,
As you commanded.

*Zanga.* With a lucky hand;
For soon Alonzo found it. I observ'd him
From out my secret stand: He took it up;
But scarce was it unfolded to his sight,
When he, as if an arrow pierc'd his eye,
Started, and, trembling, dropt it on the ground.
Pale and aghast awhile my victim stood,
Disguis'd a sigh or two, and puff'd them from him;
Then rubb'd his brow, and took it up again:
At first he look'd as if he meant to read it;
But, check'd by rising fears, he crush'd it thus;
And thrust it, like an adder, into his bosom.

*Isabella.* But if he read it not, it cannot sting him;
At least not mortally.

*Zanga.* At first I thought it so;
But farther thought informs me otherwise,
And turns this disappointment to account.
He more shall credit it, because unseen,
(If 'tis unseen) as thou anon may'st find.

*Isabella.* That would indeed commend my Zanga's skill.

*Zanga.* This, Isabella, is Don Carlos' picture;
Take it, and so dispose of it, that, found,
It may rise up a witness of her love,
Under her pillow, in her cabinet,
Or elsewhere, as shall best promote our end.

*Isabella.* I'll weigh it as its consequence requires;
Then do my utmost to deserve your smile. [*Exit* Isab.

*Zanga.* Is that Alonzo prostrate on the ground?—
Now he starts up like flame from sleeping embers,
And wild distraction glares from either eye.
If thus a slight surmise can work his soul,
How will the fulness of the tempest tear him!

*Enter* ALONZO.

*Alonzo.* And yet it cannot be—I am deceiv'd—
I injure her: She wears the face of heav'n.

*Zanga.* [*aside.*] He doubts.

*Alonzo.* I dare not look on this again:

If the first glance, which gave suspicion only,
Had such effect, so smote my heart and brain,
The certainty would dash me all to pieces.
It cannot—Ha! it must, it must be true. [*Starts.*
*Zanga.* [*aside.*] Hold there, and we succeed. He has descry'd me,
And (for he thinks I love him) will unfold
His aching heart, and rest it on my counsel.
I'll seem to go, to make my stay more sure.
*Alonzo.* Hold, Zanga; turn.
*Zanga.* My lord.
*Alonzo.* Shut close the door,
That not a spirit find entrance here.
*Zanga.* My lord's obey'd.
*Alonzo.* I see that thou art frighted:
If thou dost love me, I shall fill thy heart
With scorpion stings.
*Zanga.* If I do love, my lord!
*Alonzo.* Come near me; let me rest upon thy bosom;
(What pillow like the bosom of a friend?
For I am sick at heart.
*Zanga.* Speak, Sir, O speak,
And take me from the rack.
*Alonzo.* And is there need
Of words? Behold a wonder! See my tears!
*Zanga.* I feel them too: Heav'n grant my senses fail me!
I rather would lose them, than have this real.
*Alonzo.* Go, take a round through all things in thy thought,
And find that one; for there is only one
Which could extort my tears; find that, and tell
Thyself thy mis'ry, and spare me the pain.
*Zanga.* Sorrow can think but ill—I am bewilder'd;
I know not where I am.
*Alonzo.* Think, think no more;
It ne'er can enter in an honest heart.
I'll tell thee then—I cannot—Yet I do,
By wanting force to give it utterance.

*Zanga.* Speak: ease your heart; its throbs will break your bosom.

*Alonzo.* I am most happy; mine is victory,
Mine the king's favour, mine the nations shout,
And great men make their fortunes of my smiles.
O curse of curses! in the lap of blessing
To be most curst!———My Leonora's false!

*Zanga.* Save me, my lord.

*Alonzo.* My Leonora's false. [*Gives him the letter.*

*Zanga.* Then heav'n has lost its image here on earth.

[*While* Zanga *reads the letter, he trembles, and shews the utmost concern.*

*Alonzo.* Good-natur'd man! He makes my pains his own.
I durst not read it; but I read it now
In thy concern.

*Zanga.* Did you not read it then?

*Alonzo.* Mine eye just touch'd it, and could bear no more.

*Zanga.* [*Tears the letter.*] Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain.

*Alonzo.* Why didst thou tear it?

*Zanga.* Think of it no more:
'Twas your mistake, and groundless are your fears.

*Alonzo.* And didst thou tremble then for my mistake?
Or give the whole contents; or by the pangs
That feed upon my heart, thy life's in danger.

*Zanga.* Is this Alonzo's language to his Zanga?
Draw forth your sword, and find the secret here:
For whose sake is it, think you, I conceal it?
Wherefore this rage? Because I seek your peace?
I have no interest in suppressing it,
But what good-natur'd tenderness for you
Obliges me to have. Not mine the heart
That will be rent in two; not mine the fame
That will be damn'd, though all the world should know it.

*Alonzo.* Then my worst fears are true, and life is past.

*Zanga.* What has the rashness of my passion utter'd?
I know not what; but rage is our distraction,
And all its words are wind—Yet sure, I think,
I nothing own'd—But grant I did confess,
What is a letter? Letters may be forg'd.
For heav'n's sweet sake, my lord, lift up your heart:
Some foe to your repose——
*Alonzo.* So heav'n look on me,
As I can't find the man I have offended.
*Zanga.* Indeed! [*aside.*]—Our innocence is not our shield:
They take offence, who have not been offended;
They seek our ruin too, who speak us fair;
And death is often ambush'd in our smiles.
We know not whom we have to fear. 'Tis certain,
A letter may be forg'd; and in a point
Of such a dreadful consequence as this,
One would rely on nought that *might* be false—
Think; have you any other cause to doubt her?—
Away; you can find none: Resume your spirit,
All's well again.
*Alonzo.* O that it were!
*Zanga.* It is;
For who would credit that, which, credited,
Makes hell superfluous by superior pains,
Without such proofs as cannot be withstood?
Has she not ever been to virtue train'd?
Is not her fame as spotless as the sun,
Her sex's envy, and the boast of *Spain?*
*Alonzo.* O Zanga! It is that confounds me most,
That full in opposition to appearance——
*Zanga.* No more, my lord; for you condemn yourself.
What is absurdity, but to believe
Against appearance?—You can't yet, I find,
Subdue your passion to your better sense;——
And, truth to tell, is does not much displease me:
'Tis fit our indiscretions should be check'd,
With some degrees of pain.

*Alonzo.* What indiscretion ?
*Zanga.* Come, you must bear to hear your faults from me.
Had you not sent Don Carlos to the court
The night before the battle, that foul slave,
Who forg'd the senseless scroll which gives you pain,
Had wanted footing for his villainy.
*Alonzo.* I sent him not.
*Zanga.* Not send him !—Ha !—That strikes me.
I thought he came on message to the king :
Is there another cause could justify
His shunning danger, and the promis'd fight ?
But I perhaps may think too rigidly ;
So long an absence, and impatient love——
*Alonzo.* In my confusion, that had quite escap'd me :
By heav'n, my wounded soul does bleed afresh ;
'Tis clear as day——for Carlos is so brave,
He lives not but on fame, he hunts for danger,
And is enamour'd of the face of death :
How then could he decline the next day's battle,
But for the transports ? O, it must be so——
Inhuman, by the loss of his own honour,
To buy the ruin of his friend !
*Zanga.* You wrong him :
He knew not of your love.
*Alonzo.* Ha !—
*Zanga.* [*aside*] That stings home.
*Alonzo.* Indeed he knew not of my treacherous love—
Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest,
Th' eternal law of things declares it true,
Which calls for judgments on distinguish'd guilt,
And loves to make our crime our punishment.
Love is my torture ; Love was first my crime :
For she was his, my friend's, and he (O horror !)
Confided all in me. O sacred faith !
How dearly I abide thy violation !
*Zanga.* Were then their loves far gone ?

*Alonzo.* The father's will
There bore a total sway; and he, as soon
As news arriv'd that Carlos' fleet was seen
From off our coast, fir'd with the love of gold,
Determin'd that the very sun which saw
Carlos' return, should see his daughter wed.
*Zanga.* Indeed, my lord! Then you must pardon me,
If I presume to mitigate the crime:
Consider, strong allurements soften guilt;
Long was his absence, ardent was his love,
At midnight his return, the next day destin'd
For his espousals.——'Twas a strong temptation.
*Alonzo.* Temptation!
*Zanga.* 'Twas but gaining of one night.
*Alonzo.* One night!
*Zanga.* That crime could ne'er return again.
*Alonzo.* Again! By heav'n, thou dost insult thy lord.
*Temptation! One night gain'd!* O stings and death!
And am I then undone? Alas, my Zanga!
And dost thou own it too? Deny it still,
And rescue me one moment from distraction.
*Zanga.* My lord, I hope the best.
*Alonzo.* False, foolish hope,
And insolent to me! Thou know'st it false;
It is as glaring as the noon-tide sun.
Devil! this morning, after three years coldness,
To rush at once into a passion for me!
'Twas time to feign; 'twas time to get another,
When her first fool was sated with her beauties.
*Zanga.* What says my lord? Did Leonora then
Never before disclose her passion for you?
*Alonzo.* Never.
*Zanga.* Throughout the whole three years?
*Alonzo.* O never! never!—
Why, Zanga, should'st thou strive? 'Tis all in vain;
Though thy soul labours, it can find no reed

For hope to catch at. Ah! I'm plunging down
Ten thousand thousand fathoms in despair.
*Zanga.* Hold, Sir; I'll break your fall—Wave ev'ry fear,
And be a man again—Had he enjoy'd her,
Be most assur'd, he had resign'd her to you
With less reluctance.
*Alonzo.* Ha! resign her to me!——
Resign her! Who resign'd her?—Double death
How could I doubt so long? My heart is broke:
First love her to distraction; then resign her!
*Zanga.* But was it not with utmost agony?
*Alonzo.* Grant that, he still resign'd her; that's enough.
Would he pluck out his eye to give it me?
Tear out his heart?—She was his heart no more——
Nor was it with reluctance he resign'd her.
By heav'n he ask'd, he courted me, to wed:
I thought it strange; 'tis now no longer so.
*Zanga.* Was't his request? Are you right sure of that?——
I fear the letter was not all a tale.
*Alonzo.* A tale! there's proof equivalent to sight.
*Zanga.* I should distrust my sight on this occasion.
*Alonzo.* And so should I; by heav'n, I think I should.
What! Leonora the divine, by whom
We guess'd at angels? O! I'm all confusion.
*Zanga.* You now are too much ruffled to think clearly.
Since bliss and horror, life and death, hang on it,
Go to your chamber; there maturely weigh
Each circumstance; consider, above all,
That it is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much; and then to loose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.
*Alonzo.* Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all

To be deceiv'd : I fear 'tis doomsday with me ;
And yet she seem'd so pure, that I thought heav'n
Borrow'd her form for Virtue's self to wear,
To gain her lovers with the sons of men. [*Exit* Alon.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Zanga.* Thus far it works auspiciously. My patient
Thrives, underneath my hand, in misery :
He's gone to think ; that is, to be distracted.

*Isabella.* I overheard your conference, and saw you,
To my amazement, tear the letter.

*Zanga.* There,
There, Isabella, I outdid myself :
For tearing it, I not secure it only
In its first force, but superadd a new :
For who can now the character examine
To cause a doubt, much less detect the fraud ?
And, after tearing it, as loth to shew
The foul contents, if I should swear it now
A forgery, my lord would disbelieve me ;
Nay, more would disbelieve, the more I swore :
But is the picture happily dispos'd of ?

*Isabella.* It is.

*Zanga.* That's well—Ah ! what is well ? O pang to think !
O dire necessity ! Is this my province ?
Whither, my soul, ah ! whither, art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere ? E'er while, far, far above
Such little arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds,
The trash of villainy itself, which falls
To cowards, and poor wretches wanting bread :
Does this become a soldier ? This become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd ?
My martial glory withers at the thought :
But great my end ; and since there are no other,
These means are just ; they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain;
To wade through ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature to attain my end:
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise;
For wonder is involuntary praise.

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* ALONZO *and* ZANGA.

*Alonzo.* O WHAT a pain to think! when every thought,
Perplexing thought, in intricacies runs,
And reason knits th' inexecrable toil,
In which herself is taken! I am lost;
Poor insect that I am, I am involv'd,
And bury'd in the web myself have wrought!
One argument is balanc'd by another,
And reason, reason meets in doubtful fight,
And proofs are countermin'd by equal proofs.
No more I'll bear this battle of the mind,
This inward anarchy; but find my wife,
And, to her trembling heart presenting death,
Force all the secret from her.

*Zanga.* O forbear!
You totter on the very brink of ruin.

*Alonzo.* What dost thou mean?

*Zanga.* [*aside.*] That will discover all,
And kill my hopes: What can I think or do?

*Alonzo.* What dost thou murmur?

*Zanga.* Force the secret from her?
What's perjury to such a crime as this?
Will she confess it then? O groundless hope!
But rest assur'd, she'll make this accusation,
Or false or true, your ruin with the king;
Such is her father's power.

*Alonzo.* No more; I care not:
Rather than groan beneath this load, I'll die.

*Zanga.* But for what better will you change this load?
Grant you should know it, would not that be worse?

*Alonzo.* No; it would cure me of my mortal pangs,

By hatred and contempt: I should despise her;
And all my love-bred agonies would vanish.
*Zanga.* Ah! were I sure of that, my lord———
*Alonzo.* What then?
*Zanga.* You should not hazard life to gain the secret.
*Alonzo.* What dost thou mean? Thou know'st I'm on the rack:
I'll not be play'd with; speak, if thou hast aught,
Or I this instant fly to Leonora.
*Zanga.* That is, to death. My lord, I am not yet
Quite so far gone in guilt to suffer it;
Though gone too far, heav'n knows.—'Tis I am guilty—
I have took pains, as you I know observ'd,
To hinder you from diving in the secret,
And turn'd aside your thoughts from the detection.
*Alonzo.* Thou dost confound me.
*Zanga.* I confound myself;
And frankly own, though to my shame I own it,
Nought but your life in danger could have torn
The secret out, and made me own my crime.
*Alonzo.* Speak quickly; Zanga, speak.
*Zanga.* Not yet, dread sir:
First I must be assur'd, that if you find
The fair one guilty, scorn, as you assur'd me,
Shall conquer love and rage, and heal your soul.
*Alonzo.* O! 'twill, by heav'n.
*Zanga.* Alas! I fear it much,
And scarce can hope so far; but I of this
Exact your solemn oath, that you'll abstain
From all self-violence, and save my lord.
*Alonzo.* I trebly swear.
*Zanga.* You'll bear it like a man?
*Alonzo.* A god.
*Zanga.* Such have you been to me; these tears confess it;
And pour'd forth miracles of kindness on me:
And what amends is now within my pow'r,
But to confess, expose myself to justice,

And, as a blessing, claim my punishment ?
Know then, Don Carlos—
*Alonzo.* Oh !
*Zanga.* You cannot bear it.
*Alonzo.* Go on ; I'll have it, though it blast mankind :
I'll have it all, and instantly.——Go on.
*Zanga.* Don Carlos did return at dead of night——

*Enter* LEONORA.

*Leonora.* My lord Alonzo, you are absent from us,
And quite undo our joy.
*Alonzo.* I'll come, my Love :
Be not our friends deserted by us both ;
I'll follow you this moment.
*Leonora.* My good lord,
I do observe severity of thought
Upon your brow. Aught hear you from the *Moors ?*
*Alonzo.* No, my delight.
*Leonora.* What then employ'd your mind ?
*Alonzo.* Thou, love, and only thou; so heav'n befriend me,
As other thought can find no entrance here.
*Leonora.* How good in you, my lord, whom nations' cares
Solicit, and a world in arms obeys,
To drop one thought on me !
*Alonzo.* [*He shews the utmost impatience.*]
Dost thou then prize it ?
*Leonora.* Do you then ask it ?
*Alonzo.* Know then, to thy comfort,
Thou hast me all ; my throbbing heart is full
With thee alone ; I've thought of nothing else ;
Nor shall, I from my soul believe, till death.
My life, our friends expect thee.
*Leonora.* I obey. [*Exit* Leon.
*Alonzo.* Is that the face of curs'd hypocrisy ?
If she is guilty, stars are made of darkness,
And beauty can no more belong to heav'n——

*Don Carlos did return at dead of night:*
Proceed, good Zanga; so thy tale began.
*Zanga.* Don Carlos did return at dead of night;
That night, by chance (ill chance for me) did I
Command the watch that guards the palace gate:
He told me he had letters for the king,
Despatch'd from you.
*Alonzo.* The villain ly'd.
*Zanga.* My lord,
I pray forbear—Transported at his sight,
After so long a bondage, and your friend,
(Who could suspect him of an artifice?)
No farther I inquir'd; but let him pass,
False to my trust; at least imprudent in it.
Our watch reliev'd, I went into the garden,
As is my custom when the night's serene,
And took a moon-light walk; when soon I heard
A rustling in an arbour that was near me:
I saw two lovers in each other's arms,
Embracing and embrac'd: Anon the man
Arose; and, falling back some paces from her,
Gaz'd ardently awhile; then rush'd at once;
And throwing all himself into her bosom,
There softly sigh'd; "O night of ecstacy!
When shall we meet again?"——Don Carlos then
Led Leonora forth.
*Alonzo.* O! O my heart! [*He sinks into a chair.*
*Zanga.* Groan on, and with the sound refresh my soul.
'Tis through his heart; his knees smite one another:
'Tis thro' his brain; his eye-balls roll in anguish. [*aside.*
My lord, my lord, why will you rack my soul?
Speak to me; let me know that you still live.
Do you not know me, Sir? Pray look upon me:
You think too deeply: I'm your own Zanga,
So lov'd, so cherish'd, and so faithful to you.—
Where start you in such fury? Nay, my lord,
For heav'ns sake, sheath your sword! What can this mean?

Fool that I was, to trust you with the secret;
And you unkind, to break your word with me.
O passion for a woman! On the ground?
Where is your boasted courage? Where your scorn,
And prudent rage, that was to cure your grief,
And chase your love-bred agonies away?
Rise, Sir, for honour's sake. Why should the *Moors*,
Why should the vanquish'd triumph?
*Alonzo.* Would to heaven,
That I were lower still! O she was all!
My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,
All stoop'd to her; my blood was her possession:
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart,
She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she:
But—and no more—set nature in a blaze;
Give her a fit of jealousy—away——
To think on't is the torment of the damn'd;
And not to think on't is impossible.
How fair the cheek, that first alarm'd my soul!
How bright the eye, that sets it on a flame!
How soft the breast, on which I laid my peace
For years to slumber, unawak'd by care!
How fierce the transport! how sublime the bliss!—
How deep, how black, the horror and despair!
*Zanga.* You said you'd bear it like a man.
*Alonzo.* I do.
Am I not most distracted?
*Zanga.* Pray be calm.
*Alonzo.* As hurricanes: Be thou assur'd of that.
*Zanga.* Is this the wise Alonzo?
*Alonzo.* Villain, no:
He dy'd in th' arbour; he was murder'd there:
I am his dæmon, though—my wife! my wife!——
*Zanga.* Alas! he weeps.
*Alonzo.* Go dig her grave.
*Zanga.* My lord!
*Alonzo.* But that her blood's too hot, I would carouse it
Around my bridal-board.

*Zanga.* [*aside.*] And I would pledge thee.
*Alonzo.* But I may talk too fast. Pray let me think,
And reason mildly.—Wedded and undone
Before one night descends—O hasty evil!
What friend to comfort me in this extreme!
Where's Carlos? Why is Carlos absent from me?
Does he know what has happen'd?
*Zanga.* My good lord!
*Alonzo.* O depth of horrors!—He!—my bosom friend!
*Zanga.* Alas! compose yourself, my lord.
*Alonzo.* To death.
*Gaze on her with both eyes so ardently!*
Give them the vultures; tear them all in pieces!
*Zanga.* [*aside.*] Most excellent!
*Alonzo.* Hark! you can keep a secret.
In yonder arbour bound with jessamin;
Who's that? What villain's that? Unhand her—Murder!
Tear them asunder—Murder!—How they grind
My heart betwixt them!—O let go my heart!
Yet let it go!—*Embracing and embrac'd!*
O pestilence!—Who let him in? A traitor.
[*Goes to stab* Zanga: *he prevents him.*
Alas! my head turns round, and my limbs fail me.
*Zanga.* My lord!
*Alonzo.* O villain, villain, most accurst!
If thou didst know it, why didst let me wed?
*Zanga.* Hear me, my lord; your anger will abate:
I knew it not; I saw them in the garden;
But saw no more than you might well expect
To see in lovers destin'd for each other:
By heav'n, I thought their meeting innocent.
Who could suspect fair Leonora's virtue,
Till after-proofs conspir'd to blacken it?
Sad proofs, which came too late; which broke not out
(Eternal curses on Alvarez' haste!)
'Till holy rites had made the wanton yours;
And then, I own, I labour'd to conceal it,
In duty, and compassion to your peace.

*Alonzo.* Live now; be damn'd hereafter; for I want thee.
O *night of ecstacy!*—Ha! was't not so?
I will enjoy this murder——Let me think—
The jess'min bow'r; 'tis secret and remote:
Go, wait me there, and take thy dagger with thee.
[*Exit* Zanga.
How the sweet sound still sings within my ear!
*When shall we meet again?* To night, in hell.
[*as he is going out, enter* Leonora.
Ha! I'm surpriz'd; I stagger at her charms.
O angel-devil!—Shall I stab her now?
No, it shall be as I had first determin'd:
To kill her now were half my vengeance lost,
Then I must now dissemble——if I can.
*Leonora.* My lord, excuse me; see, a second time
I come in embassy from all your friends,
Whose joys are languid, uninspir'd by you.
*Alonzo.* This moment, Leonora, I was coming
To thee, and all——But sure, or I mistake,
Or thou canst well inspire my friends with joy.
*Leonora.* Why sighs my lord?
*Alonzo.* I sigh'd not, Leonora.
*Leonora.* I thought you did: Your sighs are mine, my lord,
And I shall feel them all.
*Alonzo.* Dost flatter me?
*Leonora.* If my regards for you are flattery,
Full far indeed I stretch'd the compliment
In this day's solemn rite.
*Alonzo.* What rite?
*Leonora.* You sport me.
*Alonzo.* Indeed I do; my heart is full of mirth.
*Leonora.* And so is mine—I look on cheerfulness,
As on the health of virtue.
*Alonzo.* Virtue!——Damn——
*Leonora.* What says my lord?
*Alonzo.* Thou art exceeding fair.

*Leonora.* Beauty alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike; then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions,
Heav'n's pay on earth for such great souls as yours:
If fair and innocent, I am your due.
*Alonzo.* [*aside.*] Innocent!
*Leonora.* How!—my lord, I interrupt you.
*Alonzo.* No, my best life; I must not part with thee:
This hand is mine. O! what a hand is here!
So soft, souls sink into it, and are lost!
*Leonora.* In tears my lord?
*Alonzo.* What less can speak my joy?
I gaze, and I forget my own existence;
'Tis all a vision; my head swims in heav'n.
Wherefore, O! wherefore, this expence of beauty?
And wherefore? O!———
Why, I could gaze upon thy looks forever,
And drink in all my being from thine eyes;
And I could snatch a flaming thunderbolt,
And hurl destruction——
*Leonora.* How, my lord! What mean you?
Acquaint me with the secret of your heart,
Or cast me out forever from your love.
*Alonzo.* Art thou concern'd for me?
*Leonora.* My lord, you fright me.
Is this the fondness of your nuptial hour?
I am ill-us'd, my lord; I must not bear it.
Why, when I woo your hand, is it deny'd me?
Your very eyes, why are they taught to shun me?
Nay, my good lord, I have a title here; [*Taking his hand.*
And I will have it. Am I not your wife?
Have I not just authority to know
That heart, which I have purchas'd with my own?
Lay it before me then; it is my due,
Unkind Alonzo, though I might demand it,
Behold, I kneel! See, Leonora kneels,
And deigns to be a beggar for her own!

Tell me the secret: I conjure you tell me.
The bride foregoes the homage of her day;
Alvarez' daughter trembles in the dust:
Speak then; I charge you speak, or I expire,
And load you with my death. My lord—my lord!

*Alonzo.* Ha! ha! ha! [*He breaks from her, and she sinks upon the floor.*]

*Leonora.* Are these the joys which fondly I conceiv'd?
And is it thus a wedded life begins?
What did I part with, when I gave my heart?
I knew not that all happiness went with it.
Why did I leave my tender father's wing,
And venture into love? That maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.
Where shall I sigh? Where pour out my complaint?
He that should hear, should succour, should redress,
He is the source of all.

*Alonzo.* Go to thy chamber;
I soon will follow: That which now disturbs thee,
Shall be clear'd up, and thou shalt not condemn me.

[*Exit* Leonora.

O, how like innocence she looks! What, stab her,
And rush into her blood?—I never can;
In her, guilt shines, and nature holds my hand.
How then? Why thus—No more; it is determin'd.

*Enter* ZANGA.

*Zanga.* [*aside.*] I fear his heart has fail'd him. She must die.
Can I not rouse the snake that's in his bosom,
To sting out human nature and effect it?

*Alonzo.* This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
Those skies, thro' which it rolls, must all have end.
What then is man? The smallest part of nothing.
Day buries day; month, month; and year the year:
Our life is but a chain of many deaths.
Can then death's self be fear'd? Our life much rather:

Life is the desart, life the solitude;
Death joins us to the great majority:
'Tis to be born to *Plato's* and to *Cæsar's*
'Tis to be great forever;
'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die.

*Zanga.* I think, my lord, you talk'd of death.

*Alonzo.* I did.

*Zanga.* I give you joy; then Leonora's dead.

*Alonzo.* No, Zanga, no; the greatest guilt is mine:
'Tis mine, who might have mark'd his midnight visit;
Who might have mark'd his tameness to resign her;
Who might have mark'd her sudden turn of love:
These, and a thousand tokens more; and yet
(For which the saints absolve my soul!) did wed.

*Zanga.* Where does this tend?

*Alonzo.* To shed a woman's blood
Would stain my sword, and make my wars inglorious;
But just resentment to myself, bears in it
A stamp of greatness above vulgar minds:
He who, superior to the checks of nature,
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,
Does in some sort that reason deify,
And take a flight at heav'n.

*Zanga.* Alas! my lord,
'Tis not your reason, but her beauty, finds
Those arguments, and throws you on your sword:
You cannot close an eye that is so bright;
You cannot strike a breast that is so soft;
That has ten thousand ecstacies in store—
For Carlos?—No, my lord; I mean for you.

*Alonzo.* O! thro' my heart and marrow! Pr'ythee spare me;
Nor more upbraid the weakness of thy lord:
I own, I try'd, I quarrell'd, with my heart,
And push'd it on, and bid it give her death;
But, O! her eyes struck first, and murder'd me.

*Zanga.* I know not what to answer to my lord.
Men are but men; we did not make ourselves:

Farewel then, my best lord, since you must die.
O that I were to share your monument,
And in eternal darkness close these eyes
Against those scenes which I am doom'd to suffer!
*Alonzo.* What dost thou mean?
*Zanga.* And is it then unknown?
O grief of heart to think that you should ask it!
Sure you distrust that ardent love I bear you,
Else could you doubt when you are laid in dust—
But it will cut my poor heart through and through,
To see those revel on your sacred tomb,
Who brought you thither by their lawless loves:
For there they'll revel and exult to find
Him sleep so fast, who else would mar their joys.
*Alonzo.* Distraction!—But Don Carlos, well thou know'st,
Is sheath'd in steel, and bent on other thoughts.
*Zanga.* I'll work him to the murder of his friend.—
[*aside.*
Yes, till the fever of his blood returns,
While her last kiss still glows upon his cheek,
But when he finds Alonzo is no more,
How will he rush, like lightning, to her arms!
There sigh, there languish, there pour out his soul;
But not in grief—sad obsequies to thee——
But thou wilt be at peace, nor see, nor hear,
The burning kiss, the sigh of ecstacy,
Their throbbing hearts that jostle one another:
Thank heav'n, these torments will be all my own.
*Alonzo.* I'll ease thee of that pain: Let Carlos die;
O'ertake him on the road, and see it done.
'Tis my command. [*Gives his signet.*
*Zanga.* I dare not disobey.
*Alonzo.* My Zanga, now I have thy leave to die.
*Zanga.* Ah, Sir, think, think again. Are all men buried
In Carlos' grave? You know not womankind:
When once the throbbing of the heart has broke

The modest zone, with which it first was ty'd,
Each man she meets will be a Carlos to her.
*Alonzo.* That thought has more of hell than had the former;
Another, and another, and another!
And each shall cast a smile upon my tomb!
I am convinc'd; I must not, will not, die.
*Zanga.* You cannot die; nor can you murder her.
What then remains? In nature no third way,
But to forget, and so to love again.
*Alonzo.* Oh!
*Zanga.* If you forgive, the world will call you *Good;*
If you forget, the world will call you *Wise;*
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you *very, very kind.*
*Alonzo.* Zanga, I understand thee well. She dies;
Tho' my arm tremble at the stroke, she dies.
*Zanga.* That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
The *Greek* and *Roman* name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite to nature,
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and godlike justice call'd?
At *Aulis*, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain'd more glory than by all his wars;
Another slew a sister in just rage;
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son:
Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at *Carthage*, an immortal name!
Yet there is one step left above 'em all,
Above their history, above their fable.
A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd—Do That
And tread upon the *Greek* and *Roman* glory.
*Alonzo.* 'Tis done—again new transports fire my brain;
I had forgot it; 'tis my bridal night:
Friend, give me joy; we must be gay together:
See that the festival be duly honour'd.

And when with garlands the full bowl is crown'd,
And music gives her elevating sound,
And golden carpets spread the sacred floor,
And a new day the blazing tapers pour,
Thou, Zanga, then my solemn friends invite,
From the dark realms of everlasting night;
Call vengeance, call the furies, call despair;
And death, our chief invited guest, be there;
He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride, and spread
Eternal curtains round our nuptial-bed. [*Exeunt.*

# A C T V.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* ALONZO.

*Alonzo.* O PITIFUL! O terrible to sight!
Poor mangled shade, all cover'd o'er with wounds,
And so disguis'd with blood! who murder'd thee?
Tell thy sad tale, and thou shalt be reveng'd.
Ha! Carlos?—Horror! Carlos?—O, away!
Go to thy grave, or let me sink to mine.
I cannot bear the sight—What sight?—Where am I?
There's nothing here——If this was fancy's work,
She draws a picture strongly.—

*Enter* ZANGA.

*Zanga.* Ha!—You're pale.
*Alonzo.* Is Carlos murder'd?
*Zanga.* I obey'd your order.
Six ruffians overtook him on the road;
He fought as he was wont, and four he slew;
Then sunk beneath an hundred wounds to death:
His last breath blest Alonzo, and desir'd
His bones might rest near yours.
*Alonzo.* O Zanga! Zanga!
But I'll not think; for I must act; and thinking
Would ruin me for action. O the medley
Of right and wrong! the chaos in my brain!
He should, and should not die—You should obey,
And not obey——It is a day of darkness,
Of contradictions, and of many deaths.
Where's Leonora then? Quick answer me;
I'm deep in horrors; I'll be deeper still.—
I find thy artifice did take effect,
And she forgives my late deportment to her.
*Zanga.* I told her, from your childhood you was wont,
On any great surprise, but chiefly then,

When cause of sorrow bore it company,
To have your passion shake the seat of reason ;
A momentary ill, which soon blew o'er :
Then did I tell her of Don Carlos' death ;
(Wisely suppressing by what means he fell)
And laid the blame on that. At first she doubted ;
But such the honest artifice I us'd,
And such her ardent wish it should be true,
That she, at length, was fully satisfy'd.

*Alonzo.* 'Twas well she was. In our late interview,
My passion so far threw me from my guard,
(Methinks 'tis strange !) that conscious of her guilt,
She saw not, thro' its thin disguise, my heart.

*Zanga.* But what design you, Sir ; and how ?

*Alonzo.* I'll tell thee.
Thus I've ordain'd it : In the jess'min bow'r,
The place which she dishonour'd with her guilt,
There will I meet her : the appointment's made ;
And calmly spread (for I can do it now)
The blackness of her crime before her sight ;
And then, with all the cool solemnity
Of public justice, give her to the grave. [*Exit.*

*Zanga.* Why, get thee gone ! Horror and night go with thee !
Sisters of Acheron, go hand in hand ;
Go dance around the bow'r, and close them in ;
And tell them, that I sent you to salute them !
Prophane the ground ; and for th' ambrosial rose,
And breath of jess'min, let hemlock blacken,
And deadly night-shade poison all the air !
For the sweet nightingale, may ravens croak,
Toads pant, and adders rustle thro' the leaves ;
May serpents winding up the trees, let fall
Their hissing necks upon them from above,
And mingle kisses—such as I should give them ! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Bower.*

LEONORA *sleeping.* *Enter* ALONZO.

*Alonzo.* Ye amaranths ! ye roses, like the morn !

Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange-groves !
Why do you smile ? Why do you look so fair ?
Are you not blasted as I enter in ?
Yes ; see how every flow'r lets fall its head !
How shudders every leaf without a wind !
How every green is as the ivy pale !
Did ever midnight ghosts assemble here ?
Have these sweet echoes ever learnt to groan ?
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bow'r !
Know, in thy fragrant bosom, thou receiv'st
A—murderer: O ! I shall stain thy lilies,
And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.
So Lucifer broke into Paradise,
And soon damnation follow'd. [*He advances.*] Ha ! she sleeps——
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her :
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.
O, what a sight is here ! How dreadful fair !
Who would not think that being innocent ?
Where shall I strike ? who strikes her, strikes himself.
My own life-blood will issue at her wound.
O my distracted heart !—O cruel heav'n !
To give such charms as those, and then call man,
Mere man, to be your executioner.
Was it because it was too hard for you ?
But see, she smiles ! I never shall smile more ;
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.
[*Going, he starts back.*
Ha ! smile again ! She dreams of him she loves :
Curse on her charms ! I'll stab her thro' them all.
[*As he is going to strike, she wakes.*

*Leonora.* My lord, your stay was long ; and yonder lull
Of falling waters tempted me to rest,
Dispirited with noon's excessive heat.

*Alonzo.* Ye pow'rs, with what an eye she mends the day !
While they were clos'd, I should have giv'n the blow.
[*Aside.*
O for a last embrace ! and then for justice :
us heav'n and I shall both be satisfy'd.

*Leonora.* What says my lord ?
*Alonzo.* Why This Alonzo says :
If love were endless, men were gods ; 'tis that
Does counter-balance travel, danger, pain———
'Tis heav'ns expedient to make mortals bear
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.
*Leonora.* Alas ! my lord, why talk you of the grave ?
Your friend is dead ; in friendship you sustain
A mighty loss ; repair it with my love.
*Alonzo.* Thy love ? Thou piece of witchcraft !—I would say,
Thou brightest angel ! I could gaze forever.
Where hadst thou this ? Enchantress, tell me where ?
Which with a touch works miracles, boils up
My blood to tumults, and turns round my brain !
Ev'n now thou swimm'st before me : I shall lose thee :
No, I will make thee sure, and clasp thee all.
Who turn'd this slender waist with so much art,
And shut perfection in so small a ring ?
Who spread that pure expanse of white above,
On which the dazzled sight can find no rest ;
But, drunk with beauty, wanders up and down
Forever, and forever finds new charms ?
But, O those eyes ! those murderers ! O whence,
Whence didst thou steal their burning orbs ? From heav'n ?
Thou didst ; and 'tis religion to adore them.
*Leonora.* My best Alonzo, moderate your thought ;
Extremes still fright me, tho' of love itself.
*Alonzo.* Extremes, indeed ! it hurried me away ;
But I come home again—and now for justice———
And now for death—It is impossible———
Sure such were made by heav'n guiltless to sin,
Or in their guilt to laugh at punishment. [*aside.*
I leave her to just heav'n. [*Drops the dagger, and goes off.*
*Leonora.* Ha ! a dagger !
What dost thou say, thou minister of death ?
What dreadful tale dost tell me ? Let me think.

*Enter* ZANGA.

*Zanga.* [*aside.*] Death to my tow'ring hope! O fall from high!
My close long-labour'd scheme at once is blasted,
That dagger found will cause her to inquire;
Inquiry will discover all; my hopes
Of vengeance perish; I myself am lost——
Curse on the coward's heart! wither his hand,
Which held the steel in vain!—What can be done?—
Where can I fix?—That's something still—'twill breed
Fell rage and bitterness betwixt their souls,
Which may perchance grow up to greater evil;
If not, 'tis all I can——It shall be so——

*Leonora.* O Zanga! I am sinking in my fears!
Alonzo dropt this dagger as he left me;
And left me in a strange disorder too.
What can this mean? Angels preserve his life!

*Zanga.* Yours, Madam; yours.

*Leonora.* What, Zanga, dost thou say?

*Zanga.* Carry you goodness then to such extremes,
So blinded to the faults of him you love,
That you perceive not he is jealous?

*Leonora.* Heav'ns!
And yet a thousand things recur that swear it.
What villain could inspire him with that thought?
It is not of the growth of his own nature.

*Zanga.* Some villain; who, hell knows; but he is jealous;
And 'tis most fit a heart so pure as yours
Do itself justice, and assert its honour,
And make him conscious of his stab to virtue.

*Leonora.* Jealous! it sickens at my heart. Unkind,
Ungenerous, groundless, weak, and insolent!
Why? wherefore? On what shadow of occasion?
'Tis fascination; 'tis the wrath of heav'n
For the collected crimes of all his race.
O how the great man lessens to my thought!
How could so mean a vice as jealousy,

Unnatural child of ignorance and guilt,
Which tears and feeds upon its parent's heart,
Live in a throng of such exalted virtues?
I scorn and hate—yet love him, and adore:
I cannot, will not, dare not, think it true,
'Till from himself I know it. [*Exit.*

*Zanga.* This succeeds
Just to my wish. Now she with violence
Upbraids him; he, not doubting she is guilty,
Rages no less; and if on either side
The waves run high, there still lives hope of ruin.
[*Enter* Alonzo.
My lord ———

*Alonzo.* O Zanga! hold thy peace; I am no coward;
But heav'n itself did hold my hand; I felt it;
By the well-being of my soul, I did:
I'll think of vengeance at another season.

*Zanga.* My lord, her guilt——

*Alonzo.* Perdition on thee, *Moor*,
For that one word! Ah! do not rouse that thought;
I have o'erwhelm'd it much as possible:
Away then; let us talk of other things:
I tell thee, *Moor*, I love her to distraction:
If 'tis my shame, why be it so——I love her;
Nor can I help it; 'tis impos'd upon me
By some superior and resistless pow'r:
I could not hurt her to be lord of earth;
It shocks my nature like a stroke at heav'n.
Angels defend her, as if innocent!
But see my Leonora comes:—Be gone. [*Exit* Zanga.
[*Enter* Leonora.
O seen forever! yet forever new!
The conquer'd thou dost conquer o'er again,
Inflicting wound on wound.

*Leonora.* Alas, my lord!
What need of this to me?

*Alonzo.* Ha! dost thou weep?

*Leonora.* Have I no cause?

*Alonzo.* If love is thy concern,
Thou hast no cause; none ever lov'd like me.
But wherefore this? Is it to break my heart,
Which loses so much blood for ev'ry tear?
*Leonora.* Is it so tender?
*Alonzo.* Is it not? O heav'n!
Doubt of my love? Why, I am nothing else;
It quite absorbs my every other passion.
O that this one embrace would last forever!
*Leonora.* Could this man ever mean to wrong my virtue?
Could this man e'er design upon my life?
Impossible! I throw away the thought. [*aside.*
These tears declare how much I taste the joy
Of being folded in your arms and heart;
My universe does lie within that space.
This dagger bore false witness. [*Shewing it.*
*Alonzo.* Ha! my dagger?
It rouses horrid images: Away,
Away with it, and let us talk of Love,
Plunge ourselves deep into the sweet illusion,
And hide us there from every other thought.
*Leonora.* It touches you.
*Alonzo.* Let's talk of Love.
*Leonora.* Of death.
*Alonzo.* As thou lov'st happiness——
*Leonora.* Of murder.
*Alonzo.* Rash,
Rash woman, yet forbear.
*Leonora.* Approve my wrongs!
*Alonzo.* Then must I fly, for thy sake and my own.
*Leonora.* Nay, by my injuries, you first must hear me:
Stab me, then think it much to hear me groan!
*Alonzo.* Heav'ns strike me deaf!
*Leonora.* It well may sting you home.
*Alonzo.* Alas! thou quite mistak'st my cause of pain.
Yet, yet dismiss me; I am all in flames.

*Leonora.* Who has most cause? You, or myself? What act
Of my whole life encourag'd you to this?
Or of your own, what guilt has drawn it on you?
You find me kind, and think me kind to all;
The weak, ungenerous error of your sex.
What could inspire the thought? We oft'nest judge
From our own hearts: and is yours then so frail,
It prompts you to conceive thus ill of me?
He that can stoop to harbour such a thought,
Deserves to find it true. [*Holding him.*
*Alonzo.* O sex, sex, sex! [*Turning on her.*
The language of you all. Ill-fated woman!
Why hast thou forc'd me back into the gulf
Of agonies, I had block'd up from thought?
I know the cause; thou saw'st me impotent
E'er while to hurt thee, therefore thou turn'st on me:
But, by the pangs I suffer, to thy woe:
For, since thou hast replung'd me in my torture,
I will be satisfied.
*Leonora.* Be satisfied!
*Alonzo.* Yes; thy own mouth shall witness it against thee;
I will be satisfied.
*Leonora.* Of what?
*Alonzo.* Of what!
How dar'st thou ask that question? Woman, Woman,
Weak, and assur'd at once; thus 'tis forever.
Who told thee that thy virtue was suspected?
Who told thee I design'd upon thy life?
You found the dagger, but that could not speak;
Nor did I tell thee: Who did tell thee then?
Guilt, conscious guilt.
*Leonora.* This to my face? O heav'n!
*Alonzo.* This to thy very soul.
*Leonora.* Thou'rt not in earnest?
*Alonzo.* Serious as death.
*Leonora.* Then heav'n have mercy on thee.

Till now I struggled not to think it true;
I sought conviction, and would not believe it:
And dost thou force me? This shall not be borne:
Thou shalt repent this insult. [*Going.*

*Alonzo.* Madam, stay:
Your passion's wise; 'tis a disguise for guilt;
'Tis my turn now to fix you here awhile;
You, and your thousand arts, shall not escape me.

*Leonora.* Arts?

*Alonzo.* Arts! Confess; for death is in my hand.

*Leonora.* 'Tis in your words.

*Alonzo.* Confess, confess, confess;
Nor tear my veins with passion to compel thee.

*Leonora.* I scorn to answer thee, presumptuous man

*Alonzo.* Deny then, and incur a fouler shame.
Where did I find this picture?

*Leonora.* Ha! Don Carlos?
By my best hopes, more welcome than thy own.

*Alonzo.* I know it; but is vice so very rank,
That thou should'st dare to dash it in my face?
Nature is sick of thee, abandon'd woman!

*Leonora.* Repent.

*Alonzo.* Is that for me?

*Leonora.* Fall, ask my pardon.

*Alonzo.* Astonishment!

*Leonora.* Dar'st thou persist to think I am dishonest?

*Alonzo.* I know thee so.

*Leonora.* This blow then to thy heart———

[*She stabs herself, he endeavouring to prevent her.*

*Alonzo.* Ho! Zanga! Isabella! Ho! She bleeds!
Descend, ye blessed angels, to assist her!

*Leonora.* This is the only way I would wound thee,
Though most unjust. Now think me guilty still.

*Enter* Isabella.

*Alonzo.* Bear her to instant help: The world to save her!

*Leonora.* Unhappy man! well may'st thou gaze and tremble;
But fix thy terror and amazement right;
Not on my blood, but on thy own distraction.
What hast thou done? Whom censur'd?—Leonora.
When thou hast censur'd, thou would'st save her life;
O inconsistent! Should I live in shame,
Or stoop to any other means but this,
T' assert my virtue? No; she who disputes,
Admits it possible she might be guilty:
While aught but truth could be my inducement to it,
While it might look like an excuse to thee,
I scorn'd to vindicate my innocence;
But now, I let thy rashness know, the wound
Which least I feel, is that my dagger made.
[Isabella *leads out* Leonora.

*Alonzo.* Ha! Was this woman guilty?—and if not—
How my thought darkens that way! Grant, kind heav'n,
That she prove guilty, or give being end.
Is that my hope then?—Sure the sacred dust
Of her that bore me trembles in its urn.
Is it in man the sore distress to bear,
When hope itself is blacken'd to despair?
When all the bliss I pant for, is to gain
In hell a refuge from severer pain? *Exit* Alon.

*Enter* ZANGA.

*Zanga.* How stands the great account 'twixt me and vengeance?
Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much;
And I will not abate a single groan——
Ha! that were well—but that were fatal too——
Why, be it so—Revenge so truly great
Would come too cheap, if bought with less than life.
Come death, come hell, then; 'tis resolv'd; 'tis done.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Isabella.* Ah! Zanga, see me tremble: Has not yet
Thy cruel heart its fill?—Poor Leonora——

*Zanga.* Welters in blood, and gasps for her last breath:
What then? We all must die.
*Isabella.* Alonzo raves;
And in the tempest of his grief, has thrice
Attempted on his life: At length, disarm'd,
He calls his friends that save him, his worst foes,
And importunes the skies for swift perdition.
Thus in his storm of sorrow. After pause,
He started up, and call'd aloud for Zanga:
For Zanga rav'd; and see he seeks you here,
To learn that truth which most he dreads to know.
*Zanga.* Begone. Now, now, my soul, consummate all. [*Exit* Isabella.

*Enter* ALONZO.

*Alonzo.* O Zanga!
*Zanga.* Do not tremble so; but speak.
*Alonzo.* I dare not. [*Falls on him.*
*Zanga.* You will drown me with your tears.
*Alonzo.* Have I not cause?
*Zanga.* As yet, you have no cause.
*Alonzo.* Dost thou too rave?
*Zanga.* Your anguish is to come:
You much have been abus'd.
*Alonzo.* Abus'd! by whom?
*Zanga.* To know, were little comfort.
*Alonzo.* O! 'twere much.
*Zanga.* Indeed!
*Alonzo.* By heav'n. O give him to my fury!
*Zanga.* Born for your use, I live but to oblige you:
Know then, 'twas——I.
*Alonzo.* Am I awake?
*Zanga.* Forever.
Thy wife is guiltless; that's one transport to me:
And I, I let thee know it, that's another:
I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;

I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;
I hated; I despis'd; and I destroy.
*Alonzo.* Oh! [*Swoons.*
*Zanga.* Why, this is well—this is blow for blow.
Where are you? Crown me, shadow me, with laurels.
Ye spirits, which delight in just revenge:
Let Europe, and her pallid sons, go weep;
Let Africk, and her hundred thrones, rejoice.
O my dear countrymen! look down, and see
How I bestride your prostrate conqueror!
I tread on haughty Spain, and all her kings:
But this is mercy; this is my indulgence;
'Tis peace; 'tis refuge, from my indignation:
I must awake him into horrors. Ho!
Alonzo, ho! the Moor is at the gate;
Awake, Invincible, Omnipotent!
Thou who dost all subdue.
*Alonzo.* Inhuman slave!
*Zanga.* Fall'n Christain, thou mistak'st my character.
Look on me. Who am I? know, thou say'st
The *Moor*, a slave, an abject *beaten* slave
(Eternal woes to him that made me so!)
But look again. Has six years cruel bondage
Extinguish'd majesty so far, that nought
Shines here, to give an awe of one above thee?
When the great *Moorish* king, *Abdalla*, fell,
Fell by thy hand accurs'd, I fought fast by him;
His son, tho', thro' his fondness, in disguise,
Less to expose me to the ambitious foe.
Ha! Does it wake thee? O'er my father's corse
I stood astride, till I had clove thy crest;
And then was made the captive of a squadron,
And sunk into thy servant.—But O! What,
What were my wages? Hear not heav'n, nor earth!
My wages were a *blow*;—by heav'n, a *blow*;
And from a mortal hand.
*Alonzo.* O villain! villain!
*Zanga.* [*Shewing a dagger.*]
All strife is vain.

*Alonzo.* Is thus my love return'd ?
Is this my recompence ? Make friends of tigers.
Lay not your young, O mothers, on the breast,
For fear they turn to serpents as they lie,
And pay you for their nourishment with death.
Carlos is dead, and Leonora dying ;
Both innocent, both murder'd, both by me :
That heav'nly maid, which should have liv'd forever,
At least have gently slept her soul away ;
Whose life should have shut up as evening flow'rs
At the departing sun——was murder'd ! murder'd !
O shame ! O guilt ! O horror ! O remorse !
O punishment ! Had Satan never fell,
Hell had been made for me—O Leonora !

*Zanga.* Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee ?
Complain of grief, complain thou art a man.
*Priam* from fortune's lofty summit fell ;
Great *Alexander* 'midst his conquests mourn'd ;
Heroes and demi-gods have known their sorrows ;
*Cæsars* have wept ; and I have had—my *blow* ;
But 'tis reveng'd ; and now my work is done :
Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance,
To make ev'n *thee* confess that I am just :
Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain ;
Whose native country thou hast laid in blood ;
Whose sacred person, oh ! thou hast prophan'd ;
Whose reign extinguish'd : What was left to me
So highly born ? No kingdom, but Revenge ;
No treasure, but thy tortures, and thy groans.
If men should ask who brought thee to thy end,
Tell them the *Moor*, and they will not despise thee :
If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom Revenge is virtue. Fare thee well——
Now, fully satisfy'd, I should take leave ;
But one thing grieves me ; since thy death is near,
I leave thee my example how to die.

*As he is going to stab himself,* Alonzo *rushes upon him to prevent him. In the mean time, Enter* Alvarez, *attended. They disarm and seize* Zanga. Alonzo *puts the dagger in his bosom.*

*Alonzo.* No, monster, thou shalt not escape by death.—
O father!

*Alvarez.* O Alonzo!———Isabella,
Touch'd with remorse to see her mistress' pangs,
Told all the dreadful tale.

*Alonzo.* What groan was that?

*Zanga.* As I have been a vulture to thy heart,
So will I be a raven to thine ear,
And true as ever snuff'd the scent of blood,
As flapt its heavy wing against
The window of the sick, and croak'd despair:
Thy wife is dead.

[Alvarez *goes to the side of the stage, and returns.*

*Alvarez.* The dreadful news is true.

*Alonzo.* Prepare the rack; invent new torments for him.

*Zanga.* This too is well. The fix'd and noble mind
Turns all occurrence to its own advantage,
And I'll make vengeance of calamity.
Were I not thus reduc'd, thou would'st not know,
That, thus reduc'd, I dare defy thee still:
Torture thou may'st; but thou shalt ne'er despise me:
The blood will follow, where the knife is driven;
The flesh will quiver, where the pincers tear;
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain:
But these are foreign to the soul: Not mine
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;
They disobey me; on the rack I scorn thee,
As when my faulchion clove thy helm in battle.

*Alvarez.* Peace, villain!

*Zanga.* While I live, old man, I'll speak;
And, well I know, thou dar'st not kill me yet;
For that would rob thy blood-hounds of their prey.

*Alonzo.* Who call'd Alonzo?

*Alvarez.* No one call'd, my son.

*Alonzo* Again !—'Tis Carlos' voice, and I obey.
O how I laugh at all that this can do ! [*Shewing the dagger.*
The wounds that pain'd, the wounds that murder'd me,
Were given before ; I am already dead ;
This only marks my body for the grave. [*Stabs himself.*
Africk, thou art reveng'd.——O Leonora ! [*Dies.*

*Zanga.* Good ruffians, give me leave ; my blood is yours !
The wheel's prepar'd, and you shall have it all ;
Let me but look one moment on the dead,
And pay yourselves with gazing on my pangs.
[*He goes to* Alonzo's *body.*
Is this Alonzo ? Where's the haughty mien ?
Is that the hand which smote me ? Heav'n's, how pale !
And art thou dead ? So is my enmity :
I war not with the dust : The great, the proud,
The conqueror of Africk, was my foe.
A lion preys not upon carcasses.
This was the only method to subdue me :
Terror and doubt fall on me ; all thy good
Now blazes : All thy guilt is in the grave :
Never had man such funeral applause ;
If I lament thee, sure thy worth was great.
O vengeance ! I have follow'd thee too far,
And to receive me hell blows all her fires. [*He is borne off.*

*Alvarez.* Dreadful effect of jealousy ! a rage
In which the wise with caution will engage ;
Reluctant long, and tardy to believe,
Where, sway'd by nature, we ourselves deceive ;
Where our own folly joins the villain's art,
And each man finds a Zanga in his heart. [*Exeunt.*

# EPILOGUE.

## BY A FRIEND.

.....
.....

OUR Author sent me, in an humble strain,
To beg you'd bless the offspring of his brain;
And I, your proxy, promis'd in your name,
The child should live, at least Six-days of fame:
I like the brat; but still his faults can find;
And by the parent's leave will speak my mind.
Gallants, pray tell me, do you think 'twas well,
To let a willing maid lead apes in hell?
You, nicer ladies, should you think it right
To eat no supper——on your Wedding night?
Should *English* Husbands dare to starve their Wives,
Be sure, they'd lead most comfortable lives.
But he loves mischief, and, with groundless fears,
Would fain set loving couples by the ears;
Would spoil the tender husbands of our nation,
By teaching them his vile outlandish fashion;
But we've been taught, in our good-natur'd clime,
That jealousy, though just, is still a crime,
And will be still; for, (not to blame the plot)
That same Alonzo was a stupid sot,
To kill a bride, a mistress unenjoy'd;
'Twere some excuse, had the poor man been cloy'd;

To kill her on suspicion, ere he knew
Whether the heinous crime was false or true.——
The priest said grace; she met him in the bower,
In hopes she might anticipate an hour:——
Love was her errand, but the hot-brain'd Spaniard,
Instead of love—produc'd a filthy Poniard:——
Had he been wise at this their private meeting,
The proof o' th' Pudding had been in the eating:
Madam had then been pleas'd, and Don contented,
And all this blood and murder been prevented.
Britons, be wise, and, from this sad example,
Ne'er break a bargain, but first take a Sample.

THE

# BROTHERS.

A

# TRAGEDY.

# PROLOGUE.

## WRITTEN BY MR. DODSLEY.

.....
.....

THE Tragic Muse, revolving many a page
Of time's long records drawn from every age,
Forms not her plans on low or trivial deeds,
But marks the striking!——When some Hero bleeds
To save his country, then her powers inspire,
And souls congenial catch the patriot fire.——
When bold oppression grinds a suffering land;
When the keen dagger gleams in murder's hand;
When black conspiracy infects the throng;
Or fell revenge sits brooding o'er his wrong;
Then walks she forth in terror; at her frown
Guilt sinks appall'd, though seated on a throne.
But the rack'd soul, when dark suspicions rend;
When Brothers hate, and Sons with Sires contend;
When clashing interests war eternal wage;
And Love, the tenderest passion, turns to Rage;
Then grief on every visage stands imprest,
And Pity throbs in every feeling breast;
Hope, Fear, and Indignation, rise by turns,
And the strong scene with various passion burns.
Such is our tale:—Nor blush, if tears should flow;
They're virtue's tribute paid to human woe:

Such drops new lustre to bright eyes impart ;
The silent witness of a tender heart :
Such drops adorn the noblest Hero's cheek,
And paint his worth, in strokes that more than speak ;
Not he who cannot weep, but he who can,
Shows the great soul, and proves himself a Man.
Yet do not idly grieve at others pain,
Nor let the tears of nature fall in vain : [grown,
Watch the close crimes from whence their ills have
And from *their* frailties learn to mend *your own*.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

PHILIP, King of Macedon.
PERSEUS, his elder son.
DEMETRIUS, his younger son.
PERICLES, the friend of Perseus.
ANTIGONUS, a Minister of State.
DYMAS, the King's favorite.
POSTHUMIUS, CURTIUS, } Roman Ambassadors.

### WOMEN.

ERIXINE, the Thracian Princess.
Her Attendant.

THE

# BROTHERS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter* CURTIUS *and* POSTHUMIUS.

*Curtius.* THERE'S something of magnificence about us
I have not seen at *Rome*. But you can tell me.
[*Gazes round.*

*Posthumius.* True: Hither sent on former embassies,
I know this splendid court of *Macedon*,
And haughty Philip, well.

*Curtius.* His pride presumes
To treat us here like subjects, more than *Romans*,
More than ambassadors, who, in our bosoms,
Bear peace and war, and throw him which we please,
As *Jove* his storm, or sunshine, on his creatures.

*Posthumius.* This Philip only, since *Rome's* glory rose,
Preserves its grandeur to the name of king;
Like a bold star, that shews its fires by day.
The *Greek*, who won the world, was sent before him,
As the grey dawn before the blaze of noon:
Philip had ne'er been conqur'd, but by *Rome*;
And what can fame say more of mortal man?

*Curtius.* I know his public character.

*Posthumius.* It pains me
To turn my thoughts on his domestic state:
There Philip is no God; but pours his heart,
In ceaseless groans, o'er his contending sons;

And pays the secret tax of mighty men
To their mortality.
*Curtius.* But whence the strife,
Which thus afflicts him?
*Posthumius.* From this Philip's bed
Two *Alexanders*, spring.
*Curtius.* And but one world?
'Twill never do.
*Posthumius.* They both are bright; but one
Benignly bright, as stars to mariners;
And one a comet with malignant blaze,
Denouncing ruin.
*Curtius.* You mean Perseus.
*Posthumius.* True,
The younger son Demetrius, you well know,
Was bred at *Rome*, our hostage from his father.
Soon after, he was sent ambassador,
When Philip fear'd the thunder of our arms.
*Rome's* manners won him, and his manners *Rome*;
Who granted peace, declaring she forgave,
To his high worth, the conduct of his father.
This gave him all the hearts of *Macedon*;
Which join'd to his high patronage from *Rome*,
Inflames his jealous brother.
*Curtius.* Glows there not
A second brand of enmity?
*Posthumius.* O, yes;
The fair Erixine.
*Curtius.* I've partly heard
Her smother'd story.
*Posthumius.* Smother'd by the king;
And wisely too. But thou shalt hear it all.
Not seals of adamant, not mountains whelm'd
On guilty secrets, can exclude the day.
Long burnt a fix'd hereditary hate
Between the crowns of *Macedon* and *Thrace*:
The sword by both too much indulg'd in blood.
Philip, at length, prevail'd; he took, by night,

The town, and palace, of his deadly foe;
Rush'd thro' the flames, which he had kindled round,
And slew him, bold in vain: Nor rested there;
But, with unkindly cruelty, destroy'd
Two little sons within their mother's arms;
Thus meaning to tread out those sparks of war,
Which might one day flame up to great revenge.
The queen, through grief, on her dead sons expir'd.
One child alone surviv'd: A female infant,
Amid these horrors, in the cradle smil'd.

*Curtius.* What of that infant?

*Posthumius.* Stung with sharp remorse,
The victor took, and gave her to his queen.
The child was bred, and honour'd, as her own;
She grew, she bloom'd: and now her eyes repay
Her brother's wounds on Philip's rival sons.

*Curtius.* Is then Erixine that *Thracian* child?
How just the Gods! from out that ruin'd house
He took a brand to set his own on fire.

*Posthumius.* To give thee, friend, the whole in miniature;
This is the picture of great Philip's court:
The proud, but melancholy king on high,
Majestic sits, like *Jove* enthron'd in darkness;
His sons are as the thunder in his hand;
And the fair *Thracian* princess is a star,
That sparkles by, and gilds the solemn scene.

[*Shouts heard.*

'Tis their great day, supreme of all the year,
The fam'd Lustration of their martial powers;
Thence for our audience, chosen by the king.
If he provokes a war, his empire shakes,
And all her lofty glories nod to ruin.

*Curtius.* Who comes?

*Posthumius.* O, that's the jealous elder brother;
Irregular in manners, as in form.
Observe the fire, high birth, and empire, kindling

*Curtius.* He holds his conference with much emotion.

*Posthumius.* The brothers both can talk; and, in their turns,
Have borne away the prize of eloquence
At *Athens.* Shun his walk: Our own debate
Is now at hand. We'll seek his lion Sire,
Who dares to frown on us his conquerors;
And carries so much monarch on his brow,
As if he'd fright us with the wounds we gave him.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* PERSEUS *and* PERICLES.

*Perseus.* 'Tis empire! empire! empire! let that word
Make sacred all I do, or can attempt!
Had I been born a slave, I should affect it:
My nature's fiery, and, of course, aspires.
Who gives an empire, by the gift defeats
All end of giving; and procures contempt
Instead of gratitude. An empire lost,
Destroy'd, would less confound me, than resign'd.
*Pericles.* But are you sure Demetrius will attempt?
*Perseus.* Why does *Rome* court him? For his virtues? No:
To fire him to dominion: To blow up
A civil war; then to support him in it:
He gains the name of king, and *Rome* the power.
*Pericles.* This is indeed the common art of *Rome.*
*Perseus.* That source of justice through the wond'ring world!
His youth and valour second *Rome's* designs:
The first impels him to presumptuous hope;
The last supports him in't. Then his person!
Thy hand, O Nature, has made bold with mine.
Yet more; what words distil from his red lip,
To gull the multitude! and they make kings.
Ten thousand fools, knaves, cowards, lump'd together,
Become all-wise, all-righteous, and all-mighty.
Nor is this all: the foolish *Thracian* maid
Prefers the boy to me.

*Pericles.* And does that pain you ?
*Perseus.* O Pericles, to death. It is most true,
Through hate to him, and not through love for her,
I paid my first addresses ; but became
The fool I feign'd : My sighs are now sincere,
It smarts ; it burns : O that 'twere fiction still !
By heaven, she seems more beauteous than dominion.
*Pericles.* Dominion, and the princess, both are lost,
Unless you gain the king.
*Perseus.* But how to gain him ?
Old men love novelties ; the last arriv'd
Still pleases best ; the youngest steals their smiles.
*Pericles.* Dymas alone can work him to his pleasure ;
First in esteem, and keeper of his heart.
*Perseus.* To Dymas thou ; and win him to thy will.
In the mean time I'll seek my double rival ;
Curb his presumption, and erect myself,
In all the dignity of birth, before him.
Whate'er can stir the blood, or sway the mind,
Is now at stake ; and double is the loss,
When an inferior bears away the prize.
*Pericles.* Your brother dress'd for the solemnity.
*Perseus.* To Dymas fly ! gain him, and think on this :
A prince indebted, is a fortune made.

[*Exit* Pericles.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Demetrius.* How, brother ! unattir'd ! Have you forgot
What pomps are due to this illustrious day ?
*Perseus.* I am no gewgaw, for the throng to gaze at :
Some are design'd by nature but for shew ;
The tinsel and the feather of mankind.
*Demetrius.* Brother, of that no more : For shame, gird on
Your glitt'ring arms, and look like any *Roman.*
*Perseus.* No, brother ; let the *Romans* look like me,
If they're ambitious.—But, I pr'ythee, stand ;

Let me gaze on thee :—No inglorious figure !
*More Romano*, as it ought to be.
But what is this that dazzles my weak sight ?
There's sunshine in thy beaver.
*Demetrius.* 'Tis that helmet
Which *Alexander* wore at *Granicus*.
*Perseus.* When he subdu'd the world ? Ha ! is't not so ?
What world hast thou subdu'd ? O, yes ; the Fair.
Think'st thou there could in *Macedon* be found
No brow might suit that golden blaze but thine ?
*Demetrius* I wore it but to grace this sacred day ;
Jar not for trifles.
*Perseus.* Nothing is a trifle
That argues the presumption of the soul.
*Demetrius.* 'Tis they presume, who know not to deserve.
*Perseus.* Or who, deserving, scorn superior merit.
*Demetrius.* Who combats with a brother, wounds himself :
Wave private wrath, and rush upon the foes
Of *Macedonia*.
*Perseus.* No ; I would not wound
Demetrius' friends.
*Demetrius.* Demetrius' friends !
*Perseus.* The *Romans*.
You copy *Hannibal*, our great ally ?
Say, at what altar was you sworn their foe ?
Peace-making brother ! Wherefore bring you peace,
But to prevent my glory from the field ?
The peace you bring, was meant as war to me.
*Demetrius.* Perseus, be bold when danger's all your own :
War now, were war with *Philip* more than *Rome*.
*Perseus.* Come, you love peace ; that fair cheek hates a scar :
You that admire the *Romans*, break the bridge

With *Cocles*, or with *Curtius*, leap the gulf;
And league not with the vices of our foes.
*Demetrius.* What vices?
*Perseus.* With their women, and their wits.
Your idol *Lælius*; *Lælius* the polite.
I hear, Sir, you take wing, and mount in metre.
*Terence* has own'd your aid, your comrade *Terence*.
God-like ambition! *Terence* there, the slave!
*Demetrius.* At *Athens* bred, and to the arts a foe?
*Perseus.* At *Athens* bred, and borrow arts from *Rome?*
*Demetrius.* Brother, I've done: let our contention cease:
Our mother shudders at it in her grave:
And how has Philip mourn'd? A dreadful foe,
And awful king; but, O, the tend'rest parent
That ever wept in fondness o'er a child!
*Perseus.* Why, ay; go tell your father; fondly throw
Your arms around him; stroke him to your purpose
As you are wont: I boast not so much worth;
I am no picture, by the doating eye
To be survey'd, and hung about his neck.
I fight his battles; that's all I can do.
But if you boast a piety sincere,
One way you may secure your father's peace:
And one alone—Resign Erixine.
*Demetrius.* You flatter me, to think her in my power.
We run our fates together; you deserve,
And she can judge; proceed we then like friends,
And he who gains her heart, and gains it fairly,
Let him enjoy his gen'rous rivals too.
*Perseus.* Smooth-speaking, insincere, insulting boy!
Is then my crown usurpt but half thy crime?
Desist, or, by the gods that smile on blood,
Not thy fine form, nor yet thy boasted peace,
Nor patronizing *Rome*, nor Philips tears,
Nor *Alexanders* helmet; no, nor more,
His radiant form, should it alight in thunder,

And spread its new divinity between us,
Should save a brother from a brother's fury. [*Exit* Per.

*Demetrius.* How's this? The waves ne'er ran thus high before.
Resign thee! yes, Erixine, with life!
Thou in whose eye, so modest, and so bright,
Love ever wakes, and keeps a vestal fire,
Ne'er shall I wean my fond, fond heart from thee.
But Perseus warns me to rouse up all my powers.
As yet I float in dark uncertainty;
For, though she smiles, I sound not her designs:
I'll fly, fall, tremble, weep upon her feet,
And learn (O all ye gods!) my final doom!
My father! Ha! and on his brow deep thought,
And pale concern! Kind heav'n assuage his sorrows,
Which strike a damp thro' all my flames of love. [*Exit.*

*Enter* KING *and* ANTIGONUS.

*King.* Kings of their envy cheat a foolish world;
Fate gives us all in spite, that we alone
Might have the pain of knowing all is nothing;
The seeming means of bliss but heighten woe,
When impotent, to make their promise good:
Hence kings, at least, bid fairest to be wretched.

*Antigonus.* True, Sir; 'tis empty, or tormenting, all:
The days of life are sisters; all alike;
None just the same; which serve to fool us on
Through blasted hopes, with change of fallacy;
While joy is, like to-morrow, still to come:
Nor ends the fruitless chace but in the grave.

*King.* Ay, there, Antigonus, this pain will cease,
Which meets me at the banquet; haunts my pillow;
Nor, by the din of arms, is frighted from me.
*Conscience*, what art thou? Thou tremendous power!
Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art, within ourselves, another self;
A master self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.

How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds ?
Make the past, present ; and the future, frown ?
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life ?
*Antigonus.* You think too much.
*King.* I do not think at all :
The gods impose, the gods inflict, my thoughts ;
And paint my dreams with images of dread.
Last night, in sleep, I saw the *Thracian* Queen,
And her two murder'd sons. She frown'd upon me,
And pointed at their wounds. How throbb'd my heart ?
How shook my couch ? And, when the morning came,
The formidable picture still subsisted,
And slowly vanish'd from my waking eye.
I fear some heavy vengeance hangs in air,
And conscious deities infuse these thoughts,
To warn my soul of her approaching doom.
The gods are rigid when they weigh such deeds
As speak a ruthless heart ; they measure blood
By drops, and bate not one in the repay.
Could infants hurt me ? 'Twas not like a king.
*Antigonus.* My lord, I do confess the gods are with us ;
Stand at our side in ev'ry act of life ;
And on our pillow watch each secret thought ;
Nay, see it in its embryo, yet unborn.
But their wrath ceases on remorse for guilt ;
And well I know your sorrows touch your sons ;
Nor is it possible but time must quench
Their flaming spirits in a father's tears.
*King.* Vain comfort ! I this moment overheard
My jarring sons with fury shake my walls.
Ah ! why my curse from these, that ought to bless me ?
The Queen of *Thrace* can answer that sad question :
She had two sons ; but two : And so have I.
Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent
Over the world ; and he who wounds another,

Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.
*Antigonus.* I own, I think it time your sons receive
A father's awful council; or, while here,
Now weary nature calls for kind repose,
Your curtains will be shaken with their broils;
And, when you die, sons' blood may stain your tomb.—
But other cares demand you now: The *Romans.*
*King.* O change of pain! The *Romans?* Perish *Rome!*
Thrice happy they, who sleep in humble life,
Beneath the storm ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The Great should have the fame of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy;
'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.
Where are those strangers? First I'll hear their tale;
Then talk in private with my sons.
*Antigonus.* But how
Intends my lord to make his peace with *Rome?*
*King.* *Rome* calls me fiery: Let her find me so!
*Antigonus.* O Sir, forbear! Too late you felt *Rome's* power.
*King.* Yes, and that reason stings me more than ever,
To curse, and hate, and hazard all against her.
*Antigonus.* Hate her too much to give her battle now;
Nor to your godlike valour owe your ruin.
*Greece, Thessaly, Illyrium, Rome* has seized;
Your treasures wasted, and your phalanx thinn'd:
Should she proceed and strike at *Macedon,*
What would be left of empire?
*King.* Philip: All.
I'll take my throne. Send in these foreigners.

SCENE *draws, and discovers a magnificent throne,* PERSEUS, DEMETRIUS, *courtiers, &c. attending.* POSTHUMIUS *and* CURTIUS, *the* Roman *ambassadors, enter. Trumpets sound. The King ascends the throne.*

*Posthumius.* Philip of *Macedon;* To these complaints
Our friends groan out, and you have heard at large,

*Rome* now expects an answer. She sits judge,
And will have right on earth.
*King.* *Expects* an answer!
I so shall answer, as becomes a king.
*Posthumius.* Or more, Sir; as becomes a friend of *Rome.*
*King.* Or *Alexander's* heir, to rise still higher.
But to the purpose. Thus a king to those
That would make kings, and puff them out at pleasure
Has Philip done amiss? 'Twas you provok'd him.
My cities, which deserted in my wars,
I thought it meet to punish: You deny'd me.
When I had shook the walls of *Marena,*
You pluckt me thence, and took the taken town:
Then you sent word I should retire from *Greece,*
A conquest at my door, by nature mine;
And said, "Here end thy realm;" as ye were gods!
And gods ye shall be, ere *Rome* humbles me.
All this is done; yet Philip is your friend!
If this buys friendship, where can you find foes?
In what regard will ſtern *Rome* look upon me?
If as a friend, too precious let her hold
Her own esteem, to cast a stain on mine;
If as an enemy, let her proceed,
And do as she has done; she need no more.
*Posthumius.* The *Romans* do no wrong; yet still are men:
And if to-day an error thwarts their purpose,
To-morrow sets it right: If Philip loves
Dominion, and the pride that waits on kings,
(Of which, perhaps, his words too strongly savour)
Humility to *Rome* will lead him to it:
She can give more than common kings can govern.
*King.* Than *common* kings! Ambassador! remember
*Cannæ*—where first my sword was flusht with blood.
*Demetrius.* [*Aside to the king.*]
My lord, forbear.
*King.* And *Hannibal* still lives.

*Posthumius.* Because he fled at *Capuæ.*
*King.* There, indeed,
I was not with him.
*Posthumius.* Therefore he fled *alone.*——
Since thus you treat us,—hear another charge.
Why here detain you, prisoner of your power,
His daughter, who was once *Rome's* good ally,
The king of *Thrace?* Why is she not restor'd?
For our next meeting you'll provide an answer.
What now has pass'd, for his sake we forgive.
[*Pointing to* Demetrius.
But mark this well: There lies some little distance,
Philip, between a *Roman* and a king. *Exeunt* Romans.
*King.* How say'st, unscepter'd boaster! This to me!
With *Hannibal* I cleft yon *Alpine* rocks;
With *Hannibal* choak'd *Thrasymene* with slaughter:
But, O the night of *Cannæ's* raging field!
When half the *Roman* senate lay in blood
Without our tent, and groan'd, as we carous'd!
Immortal gods! for such another hour!
Then throw my carcase to the dogs of *Rome.*
*Antigonus.* Sir, you forget your sons.
*King.* Let all withdraw.
[*Exeunt all but the king and his sons.*
Two passions only take up all my soul;
Hatred to *Rome*, and tenderness for them.——
Draw near, my sons, and listen to my age.
By what has pass'd, you see the state of things:
Foreign alliance must a king secure;
And insolence sustain to serve his power:
And if alliances with *Rome* are needful,
Much more among ourselves. If I must bear,
Unmov'd, an insult from a strangers brow,
Shall not a brother bear a brother's look
Without impatience? Whither all this tends,
I'm sorry that your conscious hearts can tell you:
Is it not most severe? Two sons alone
Have crown'd my bed; and they two are not brothers.

Look here, and, from my kind regards to you,
Copy such looks as you should bear each other.
Why do I sigh ? Do you not know, my sons ?
And if you do—O let me sigh no more !
Let these white hairs put in a claim to peace !

*Perseus.* Henceforth, my soul contention with my brother
Is this ; which best obeys our father's will.

*Demetrius.* Father, if simple nature ever speaks
In her own language, scorning useless words,
You see her now ; she swells into my eyes.
I take thee to my heart ; I fold thee in it.
[*Embracing* Perseus.
Our father bids ; and that we drank one milk,
Is now the smallest motive of my love.

*King.* Antigonus, the joy their mother felt
When they were born, is faint to what I feel.

*Demetrius.* See, brother, if he does not weep ! His love
Runs o'er in venerable tears. I'm rude ;
But nature will prevail—My king ! My father !
[*Embracing.*

*Perseus.* [*Aside.*] Now cannot I let fall a single tear.

*King.* See ! The good man has caught it too.

*Antigonus.* Such tears,
And such alone, be shed in *Macedonia !*

*King.* Be not thou, Perseus, jealous of thy brother ;
Nor thou, Demetrius, prone to give him cause ;
Nor either think of empire till I'm dead.
You need not ; you reign now ; my heart is yours.
Sheath your resentments in your father's peace ;
Come to my bosom both, and swear it there.
*Embracing his sons.*

*Antigonus.* Look down, ye gods, and change me, if you can,
This sight for one more lovely. What so sweet,
So beautiful, on earth, and, ah ! so rare,
As kindred love, and family repose !
This, this alliance, *Rome*, will quite undo thee.

See this, proud Eastern monarchs! and look pale!
Armies are routed, realms o'er-run by this.

*King.* Or if leagu'd worlds superior forces bring,
I'd rather die a Father than a King.
Father's alone, a Father's heart can know;
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
When brothers love! But if their hate succeeds,
*They* wage the war; but 'tis the father bleeds.

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* PERSEUS.

*Perseus.* WHY loiters my ambassador to Dymas?
His greatness will not sure presume to scorn
A friendship offer'd from an heir of empire.
But Pericles returns. [*Enter* Pericles.
Is Dymas ours?

*Pericles.* He's cautious, Sir; he's subtle; he's a courtier;
Dymas is now for you, now for your brother;
For both, and neither: He's a summer-insect,
And loves the sunshine: On his gilded wings,
While the scales waver, he'll fly doubtful round you;
And sing his flatteries to both alike:
The scales once fix'd, he'll settle on the winner,
And swear his pray'rs drew down the victory—
But what success had you, Sir, with your brother?

*Perseus.* All, all my hopes are at the point of death!
The boy triumphant keeps his hold in love:
He's ever warbling nonsense in her ear,
With all th' intoxication of success.
Darkness encloses me; nor see I light
From any quarter dawn, but from his death.

*Pericles.* Why start at *his* death, who resolves on *yours?*

*Perseus.* Resolves on mine!

*Pericles.* Have you not mark'd the princess?
You have: With what a beam of majesty
Her eye strikes sacred awe! It speaks her mind
Exalted, as it is. Whom loves she then?
Demetrius? no; *Rome's* darling; who, no doubt,
Dares court her with your empire. And shall Perseus
Survive that loss?—Thus he resolves your death.

*Perseus.* Most true. What crime then to strike first?
But how?
Or when? or where? O Pericles! assist me.

*Pericles.* 'Tis dangerous.
*Perseus.* The fitter then for me.
*Pericles.* Wait an occasion that befriends your wishes.
*Perseus.* Go, fool, and teach a cataract to creep!
Can thirst of empire, vengeance, beauty, wait?
*Pericles.* In the mean time, accept a stratagem
That must secure your empire, or your love.
Your brother's *Roman* friendship gall no less
The king, than you: He dreads their consequence.
Dymas hates *Rome;* and Dymas has a daughter.
How can the king so powerfully fix
Demetrius' faith, as by his marriage there?
For Dymas thus (*Rome's* sworn, eternal foe)
Becomes a spy upon his private life,
And surety for his conduct.
*Perseus.* True——But thus
Our art defeats itself. My brother gains
The favourite, and so strengthens in his treason.
*Pericles.* Think you, he'll wed her? No; the princess' eye
Makes no such short-liv'd conquest. He'll refuse,
And thus effect what I have strove in vain:
Yes, he'll refuse; and Dymas, in his wrath,
Will list for us, and vengeance——Then the king
Will, doubtless, much resent his son's refusal;
And thus we kindle the whole court against him.
*Perseus.* My precious friend, I thank thee. I take wing
On ardent hope: I think it cannot fail.
Go, make thy court to Dymas with this scheme:
Begone.—Erixine!—I'll feed her pride [*Looking out.*
Once more; but not expend my breath in vain.
This meeting stamps unutterable fate;
I *will* wed her, or vengeance. [*Enter* Erixine *and* Delia.
O Erixine!
O princess! colder than your *Thracian* snows!
See Perseus, who ne'er stoop'd but to the gods,
Prostrate before you. Fame and Empire sue.

Why have I conquer'd ?—Because you are fair.
What's empire ?—But a title to adore you.
Why do I number in my lineage high
Heroes and gods ?—That you, scarce less divine,
Without a blush may listen to my vows.
My ancestor subdu'd the world. I dare
Beyond his pride, and grasp at more, in you.
Obdurate maid ! or turn, or I expire.

*Erixine.* If love, my lord, is choice, who loves in vain
Should blame himself alone ; and if 'tis fate,
'Tis fate in all : Why then your blame on me ?
My crown's precarious, thro' the chance of war ;
But sure my heart's my own. Each villager
Is queen of her affections, and can vent
Her arbitrary sighs where-e'er she pleases.
Shall then the daughter of a race of kings——

*Perseus.* Madam, you justly blame the chance of war :
The gods have been unkind : I am not so.
No ! Perseus comes to counterbalance fate ;
*Thrace* ne'er was conquer'd—if you smile on me.—
Silent ! obdurate still ! as cold as death !
But 'tis Demetrius——

*Erixine.* Prince, I take your meaning.
But, if you truly think his worth prevails,
How strange is your request !

*Perseus.* No, Madam, no ;
Tho' love has hurt my mind, I still can judge
What springs the passions of the great controul.
Ambition is first minister of state ;
Love's but a second in the cabinet ;
Nor can he feather there his unfledg'd shaft
But from ambition's wing : But you conceive
More sanguine hopes from him whom *Rome* supports,
Than me. You view Demetrius on *my* throne ;
And thence he shines indeed. His charms from thence
Transpierce your soul, enamour'd of *dominion.*

*Erixine.* Why now you shew me your profound esteem !

Demetrius' guilt alone has charms for me ;
'Tis not the prince, but traitor, wins my love.———
Such insults are not brook'd by royal minds,
Howe'er their fortune's ebb ; and tho' I mourn,
An orphan, and a captive, gods there are——
Fear then an orphan's and a captive's wrong.

*Perseus.* Your cruel treatment of my passion——
But I'll not talk.—This, Madam ; only this——
Think not the cause, the cursed cause of all,
Shall laugh secure, and triumph in my pangs :
No ; by the torments of an heart on fire,
She gluts my vengeance, who defrauds my love ! [*Exit.*

*Erixine.* What have I done ? In what a whirlwind rage
Has snatch'd him hence on ill ? I frown on Perseus,
And kill Demetrius.

*Delia.* Madam, see ! the Prince.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Erixine.* Ah, prince ! the tempest, which so long has lowr'd,
Is now full ripe, and bursting o'er your head.
This moment Perseus' malice flam'd before me ;
Victorious rage broke thro' his wonted guard,
And menac'd loud your ruin. Fly ! O fly
This instant.

*Demetrius.* To what refuge ?

*Erixine.* *Rome* extends
Her longing arms to clasp you for her own.

*Demetrius.* Madam, 'tis prudent ; I confess it is :
But is it loving as true lovers ought,
To be so very prudent in our love ?
I boast not so much wisdom : I prefer
Death at your feet, before the world without you.

*Erixine.* In danger thus extreme—

*Demetrius.* Oh ! most belov'd !
Lov'd you like me, like me would you discern,
That I but execute my brother's purpose
By such a flight. At that his clamour, rage,

And menace aim, to chase a rival hence,
And keep the field alone. Oh! shall I leave him
To gaze whole days; to learn to read your eye;
To study your delight; to chide the wind's
Too rude approach; to bid the ground be smooth;
To follow, like your shadow, where you go;
Tread in your steps; perhaps—to touch your hand?
O death! to minister in little things;
From half a glance to prophecy your will,
And do it, ere well form'd in your own mind?
Gods! gods! while worlds divide me from my princess,
That, should she call, Demetrius might grow old,
Ere he could reach her feet.

*Erixine.* If Perseus' love
Pains you, it pains me more. Is your heart griev'd?
Mine is tormented: But since Philip's self
Is love's great advocate, a flat refusal
But blows their rage, and hastens your destruction.
Had I not *that* to fear! were *you* secure!
I'd ease my bosom of its full disdain,
And dash this bold presumer on his birth.
But, see! the grand procession.

*Demetrius.* We must join it.

*Enter the* KING, PERSEUS, Romans, ANTIGONUS, *&c.*

*King.* Let the procession halt! and here be paid,
Before yon flaming altar, thanks to heav'n,
That brings us safe to this auspicious day!
The great Lustration of our martial powers,
Which, from its distant birth to present time,
Unfolds the glories of this ancient empire,
And throngs the pride of ages in an hour.

*Posthumius.* [*pointing.*] What figure's that, O Philip! which precedes?

*King.* The founder of our Empire, furious son
Of great *Alcides*. We're ally'd to heav'n;
And you, I think, call *Romulus* a god.—
That, *Philip*, second of our name; and *here*,

O bend with awe to him, whose red right hand
Hurl'd proud *Darius* like a star from heav'n,
With lesser lights around him, flaming down,
And bid the laurell'd sons of *Macedonia*,
Drink their own *Ganges*.

*Perseus.* [*Aside to* Demetrius.]
Give him his helmet, brother.

*King.* [*To his sons.*] You lead the troops that join in mock encounter;
And in no other may you ever meet!
But march one way, and drive the world before you.
The victor, as our ancient rites decree,
Must hold a feast, and triumph in the bowl.

*Demetrius.* I long, my lord, to see the charge begin;
The brandish'd faulchion, and the clashing helm,
Tho' but in sport; it is a sport for men.
Raw *Alexander* thus began his fame,
And overthrew *Darius*, first, at home.
We'll practise o'er the plans of future conquests,
While neighbouring nations tremble at our play;
And own the fault in fortune, not in us,
That we but want a foe to be immortal.

*Perseus.* You have supply'd my wants: I thank you, brother.

*King.* [*Rising, and coming forwards. Music.*]
How vain all outward effort to supply
The soul with joy! The noon-tide sun is dark,
And music discord, when the heart is low:
Avert its omen! What a damp hangs on me!
These sprightly tuneful airs but skim along
The surface of my soul, not enter there:
She does not dance to this enchanting sound.
How, like a broken instrument, beneath
The skilful touch, my joyless heart lies dead!
Nor answers to the master's hand divine!

*Antigonus.* When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,

At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows;
Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
This is the common lot. Have comfort then:
Your grief will damp the triumph.
*King.* It is over.
Hear too; the trumpet calls us to the field,
And now this phantom of a sight begins.
Fair princess, you and I will go together,
As *Priam* and bright *Helen* did of old,
To view the war. Your eyes will make them bolder,
And raise the price of victory itself.

[*All go out but* Perseus, *who has observed* Demetrius *and* Erixine *all this time conversing, and stays behind thoughtful and disturb'd.*

*Perseus.* Before my face she feeds him with her smiles:
The king looks on, nor disapproves the crime;
And the boy takes them as not due to me,
Without remorse, as happy as she'll make him.
Perish all three! I'll seek allies elsewhere;
Father and brother, nay, a mistress too.
*Destruction*, rise! Though thou art black as *night*
Thy mother, and as hideous as *despair*;
I'll clasp thee thus, nor think of woman more.
How the boy doats, and drinks in at his eyes
Her poison! O to stab him in her arms!
And yet do less than they have done to me.

*Enter* PERICLES.

*Pericles.* Where is my prince? The nation's on the wing;
No bosom but exults; no hand but bears
A garland, or a trophy: And shall Perseus——
*Perseus.* Vengeance!
[*Shouts within.*
*Pericles.* Hear how with shouts they rend the skies!

*Perseus.* Give me my vengeance !
*Pericles.* Forty thousand men,
In polish'd armour, shines against the sun.
*Perseus.* Dare but another word, and not of vengeance,
And I will use thee, as I would—my brother.
*Pericles.* Vengeance ! on whom ?
*Perseus.* On him.
*Pericles.* What vengeance ?
*Perseus.* Blood.
*Pericles.* 'Tis yours.
*Perseus.* What god will give it me ?
*Pericles.* Your own right hand.
*Perseus.* I dare not—for my father.
*Pericles.* You shall dare.
*Perseus.* Shalt thou dare give encouragement to Perseus ?
Unfold thy purpose ; I'll outshoot the mark.
*Pericles.* Where are you going ?
*Perseus.* To the mock encounter.
*Pericles.* What more like mock encounter than the *true ?*
*Perseus.* Enough—He's dead ! 'Twas accident ; 'twas error :
No matter what. Ten thousand share the blame.
*Pericles.* Hold, Sir ! I had forgot : On this occasion,
The troops are search'd and foils alone are worn,
Instead of swords
*Perseus.* An osier were enough.
Who pains my heart, plants thunder in my hand.
*Pericles.* But should this fail——
*Perseus.* Impossible !
*Pericles.* But, should it,
The banquet follows.
*Perseus.* Poison in his wine.
I thank the gods ! my spirits are reviv'd !
I draw immortal vigour from that bowl !

*Pericles.* Nay, should both fail, the field and banquet too,
All fails not ; fairer hopes to fair succeed :
For know, my lord, the king receiv'd with joy
The marriage scheme, and sent for Dymas' daughter.
*Perseus.* Then there's a second bowl of poison for him.
*Pericles.* Yet more : This ev'ning those ambassadors,
Which Philip sent to *Rome*, beneath the name
Of public business, but, in truth, to learn
Your brother's conduct, are expected home.
*Perseus.* Those whom I swore, before they parted hence,
In dreadful sacraments of wine and blood,
To bring back such reports, as should destroy him :—
And what if, to complete our secret plan,
We feign a letter to his friend the consul,
To strengthen our ambassadors' report ?
*Pericles.* That care, my lord, be mine: I know a knave,
Grown fat on forgery ; he'll counterfeit
Old *Quintius'* hand and seal, by former letters
Sent to the king ; which you can gain with ease.
*Perseus.* Observe—This morning, at their interview,
The *Romans*, in effect inform'd the king,
That *Thrace* was theirs, and order'd him restore
The princess. This will give much air of truth,
If our forg'd letters say the *Romans* crown
Demetrius king of *Thrace*, and promise more.
*Pericles.* My lord, it shall be done.
*Perseus.* All cannot fail.
[*Trumpets.*
*Pericles.* The trumpets sound ; the troops are mounted.
*Perseus.* Vengeance !
Sweet vengeance calls : Nor ever call'd a god
Such swift obedience : Like the rapid wheel,
I kindle in the course ; I'm there already ;
Snatch the bright weapon ; bound into my seat ;

Strike; triumph; see him gasping on the ground,
And life, love, empire, springing from his wound.
When god-like ends, by means unjust, succeed,
The great result adorns the daring deed.
Virtue's a shackle under fair disguise,
To fetter fools, while we bear off the prize.

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter* PERSEUS.

*Perseus.* COWARDS in ill, like cowards in the field,
Are sure to be defeated. To strike home,
In both, is prudence: Guilt, begun, must fly
To guilt consummate, to be safe.

*Enter* PERICLES.

*Pericles* My lord——

*Perseus.* Disturb not my devotions; they decline:
The beaten track, the common path of pray'r——
Ye pow'rs of darkness! that rejoice in ill;
All sworn by *Styx*, with pestilential blasts
To wither every virtue in the bud;
To keep the door of dark conspiracy,
And snuff the grateful fumes of human blood,
From sulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,
Or your black ebon thrones, auspicious rise;
And, bursting through the barriers of this world,
Stand in dread contrast to the golden sun;
Fright day-light hence with your infernal smiles,
And howl aloud your formidable joy,
While I transport you with the fair record
Of what your faithful minister has done,
Beyond your inspiration, self-impell'd,
To spread your empire, and secure his own.
Hear, and applaud.—Now, Pericles! proceed:
Speak; is the letter forg'd?

*Pericles.* This moment; and might cheat
The cunning eye of jealousy itself.

*Perseus.* 'Tis well: Art thou appris'd of what hath past
Since last we parted?

*Pericles.* No, my lord.

*Perseus.* Then rouse
Thy whole attention : Here we are in private :
Know then, my Pericles, the mock encounter
I turn'd, as taught by thee, to real rage.
But blasted be the cowards which I led !
They trembled at a boy.
*Pericles.* Ha !
*Perseus.* Mark me well :
The villains fled ; but soon my prudence turn'd
To good account the momentary shame.
Thus———I pretend 'twas voluntary flight
To save a brother's blood : accusing him
As author of that conflict I declin'd,
And he pursu'd with ardour and success.
*Pericles.* That's artful. What ensu'd ?
*Perseus.* The banquet follow'd,
Held by the victor, as our rites require :
To which his easy nature, soon appeas'd,
Invited me. I went not ; but sent spies
To learn what pass'd : which spies, by chance detected,
(Observe me) were ill us'd.
*Pericles.* By whom ? your brother ?
*Perseus.* No ; by his sons of riot. He soon after,
Not knowing that my servants were abus'd,
Kind, and gay hearted, came to visit me.
They, who misus'd my spies, for self-defence,
Conceal'd their arms beneath the robes of peace.
Of this inform'd, again my genius serv'd me.———
*Pericles.* You took occasion, from these few in arms,
To charge a murderous assault on all.
*Perseus.* True, Pericles : But mark my whole address :
Against my brother swift I bar my gates ;
Fly to my father ; and, with artful tears,
Accuse Demetrius ; *first*, of turning sports,
And guiltless exercise, to mortal rage ;
*Then*, of inviting me (still blacker guilt !)
To smiling death in an envenom'd bowl ;
And, *last*, that, both these failing, mad with rage,

He threw his schemes of baffled art aside,
And with arm'd men avow'dly sought my life.
*Pericles.* Three startling articles, and well concerted,
Following each other in an easy train,
With fair similitude of truth! But, Sir,
How bore your father?
*Perseus.* Oh! he shook! he fell!
Nor was his fleeting soul recalled with ease.
*Pericles.* What said he, when recover'd?
*Perseus.* His resolve
I know not yet; but, see, his minion comes;
And comes perhaps to tell me—But I'll go;
Sustain my part, and echo loud my wrongs.
Nought so like innocence, as perfect guilt.
If he brings aught of moment, you'll inform me.
[*As* Perseus *goes off, he is seiz'd by officers.*

*Enter* DYMAS.

*Pericles.* How fares the king?
*Dymas.* Ev'n as an aged oak
Pusht to and fro, the labour of the storm;
Whose largest branches are struck off by thunder;
Yet still he lives, and on the mountain groans;
Strong in affliction, awful from his wounds,
And more rever'd in ruin, than in glory.
*Pericles.* I hear prince Perseus has accus'd his brother.
*Dymas.* True; and the king's commands are now gone forth
To throw them both in chains; for farther thought
Makes Phillip doubt the truth of Perseus' charge.
*Pericles.* What then is his design?
*Dymas.* They both this hour
Must plead their cause before him: Nay, already,
His nobles, judges, counsellors, are met;
And public justice wears her sternest form:
A more momentous trial ne'er was known;
Whether the pleaders you survey as brothers,
Or princes known in arts, or fam'd for arms;
Whether you ponder, in their awful judge,

The tender parent, or the mighty king.
*Greece*, *Athens* hears the cause: The great result
Is life, or death; is infamy, or fame. [*Trumpets.*
*Pericles.* What trumpets these?
*Dymas.* They summon to the court.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws; the* Court, King, &c.

*Enter* DYMAS, *and takes his place by the* King.

*King.* Bring forth the prisoners.
Strange trial this! Here sit I to debate,
Which vital limb to lop, nor that to save,
But render wretched life more wretched still.
What see I, but heav'n's vengeance, in my sons?
Their guilt a scourge for mine: 'Tis thus heav'n writes
Its awful meaning, plain in human *deeds*,
And *language* leaves to man.

*Enter* PERSEUS *and* DEMETRIUS *in chains, from different sides of the stage;* Perseus *follow'd by* Pericles, *and* Demetrius *by* Antigonus.

*Dymas.* Dread Sir, your sons.
*King.* I have no sons; and that I ever had,
Is now my heaviest curse: And yet what care,
What pains, I took to curb their rising rage!
How often have I rang'd thro' history
To find examples for their private use?
The *Theban* brothers did I set before them——
What blood! what desolation! but in vain!
For thee, Demetrius, did I go to *Rome*,
And bring thee patterns thence of brothers' love;
The *Quintii*, and the *Scipio's*: but in vain!
If I'm a monarch, where is your obedience?
If I'm a father, where's your duty to me?
If old, your veneration due to years?
But I have wept, and you have sworn, in vain!
I had your ear, and enmity your heart.
How was this morning's counsel thrown away!
How happy is your mother in the grave!

She, when she bore you, suffer'd less: Her pangs,
Her pungent pangs, throb thro' the father's heart.
*Demetrius.* You can't condemn me, Sir, to worse than this.
*King.* Than what, thou young deceiver? While I live,
You both with impious wishes grasp my sceptre:
Nothing is sacred, nothing dear, but Empire;
Brother, nor father, can you bear; fierce lust
Of Empire burns, extinguish'd all beside.
Why pant you for it? To give others awe?
Be therefore aw'd yourselves, and tremble at it,
While in a father's hand.
*Dymas.* My lord, your warmth
Defers the business.
*King.* Am I then *too* warm?
They that should shelter me from ev'ry blast,
To be themselves the storm! Oh! how *Rome* triumphs!
Oh! how they bring this hoary head to shame!
Conquest and fame, the labour of my life,
Now turn against me; and call in the world
To gaze at what *was* Philip, but who now
Wants ev'n the wretch's privilege—a Wish.
What can I wish? Demetrius may be guiltless.
What then is Perseus? Judgment hangs as yet
Doubtful o'er them; but I'm condemn'd already;
For both are mine; and one—is foul as hell.
Should these two hands wage war, (these hands less dear!)
What boots it which prevails? In both I bleed.
But I have done. Speak, Perseus, and at large;
You'll have no second hearing. Thou forbear.
[*To* Demetrius.
*Perseus.* Speak!—'Twas with utmost struggle I forbore.
These chains were scarce design'd to reach my tongue:
Their trespass is sufficient, stopping here.
[*Shewing his arms.*
These chains! for what? Are chains for innocence?
Not so; for, see, Demetrius wears them too.
Fool that I was, to tremble at vain laws;

Nor learn from him defiance of their frown;
Since innocence and guilt are us'd alike;
Blood-thirsty stabbers, and their destin'd prey;
Perseus, and He—I will not call him brother:
[*Pointing at* Demetrius.
He wants not that enhancement of his guilt.
*King.* But closer to the point; and lay before us
Your whole deportment this ill-fated day.
*Perseus.* Scarce was he cool from that embrace this morning,
Which you enjoin'd, and I sincerely gave;
Nor thought he plann'd my death within my arms;
When, holding vile oaths, honour, duty, love,
He fir'd our friendly sports to martial rage.
If war, why not *fair* war? But *that* has danger.
From hostile conflict, as from brothers' play,
He blush'd not to invite me to his banquet.
I went not; and in that was I to blame?
Think you, there nothing had been found but peace,
From whence soon after sally'd armed men?
Think you I nothing had to fear from swords,
When from their *foils* I scarce escap d with life?
Or poison might *his* valour suit as well—:
This pass'd, as suits his wisdom, *Macedonians!*
Who vaults o'er elder brothers to a throne,
With an arm'd rout he came to visit me.
Did I refuse to go, a bidden guest?
And should I welcome him, a threat'ning foe?
Resenting my refusal; boiling for revenge!
*Demetrius.* 'Tis false.
*Antigonus.* Forbear.—The king!
*Perseus.* Had I received them,
You now had mourn'd my death, not heard my cause.—
Dares he deny he brought an armed throng?
Call those I name; who dare this deed, dare all;
Yet will not dare deny, that this is true.
My death alone can yield a stronger proof;
Will no less proof than *that* content a father?

*Pericles.* Perseus, you see, has art, as well as fire;
Nor have the wars worn *Athens* from his tongue.
*Perseus.* Let him, who seeks to bathe in brother's blood,
Not find well-pleas'd the fountain whence it flow'd:
Let him, who shudders at a brothers knife,
Find refuge in the bosom of a father:
For where else can I fly? whom else implore?
I have no *Romans*, with their eagles wings,
To shelter me; Demetrius borrows those,
To mount full rebel-high: I have their hatred;
And, thanks to heav'n! *deserve* it: Good Demetrius
Can see your towns and kingdoms torn away
By these *protectors;* and ne'er lose his temper.
My weakness! I confess, it makes me rave;
It makes me weep—and my tears rarely flow.
*Pericles.* Was ever stronger proof of filial love?
*Perseus.* Vain are *Rome's* hopes, while you and I survive:
But should the sword take me, and age my father,
(Heav'n grant they *leave* him to the stroke of age!)
The kingdom, and the king, are both their own;
A duteous loyal king, a sceptred slave,
A willing *Macedonian* slave to *Rome.*
*King.* First let an earthquake swallow *Macedonia.*
*Perseus.* How, at such news, would *Hannibal* rejoice?
How the great shade of *Alexander* smile?
The thought quite choaks me up: I can no more.
*King.* Proceed!
*Perseus.* No Sir——Why have I spoke at all?
'Twas needless: Philip justifies my charge;
Philip's the single witness which I call,
To prove Demetrius guilty.
*King.* What dost mean?
*Perseus.* What mean I, Sir! what mean I!—To run mad;
For who, unshaken both in heart and brain,
Can recollect it!

*King.* What?
*Perseus.* This morning's insult.
This morning they proclaim'd him Philip's king:
This morning they forgave you for his sake.
O pardon, pardon!—I could strike him dead.
*King.* More temper.
*Perseus.* Not more truth; that cannot be!
And that it cannot, one proof can't escape you;
For what but truth could make me, Sir, so bold?
*Rome* puts forth all her strength to crown her minion.
Demetrius' vices, thriving of themselves,
Her fulsome flatt'ries dung to ranker growth.
Demetrius is the burden of her song;
Each river, hill, and dale, has learnt his name;
While elder Perseus in a whisper dies.
Demetrius treats; Demetrius gives us peace;
Demetrius is our god, and *would* be so.——
My sight is short: Look on him you that can:
What sage experience sits upon his brow,
What awful marks of wisdom, who vouchsafes
To patronize a Father, and a King?
Such patronage is treason.
*King.* Treason! Death!
*Perseus.* Nor let the ties of blood bind up the hands
Of justice; Nature's ties are broke already:
For, who contend before you?—Your two sons?
No; read aright; 'tis *Macedon*, and *Rome*.
A well mask'd foreigner, and your—*only* son,
Guard of your life, and—exile of your love.
Now, bear me to my dungeon: What so fit
As darkness, chains, and death, for such a traitor?
*King.* Speak, Demetrius.
*Antigonus.* My lord, he cannot speak; accept his tears—
Instead of words.
*Perseus.* His tears are false as they——
Now, with fine phrase, and foppery of tongue,
More graceful action, and a smoother tone,

That orator of fable, and fair face,
Will steal on your brib'd hearts, and, as you listen,
Plain truth, and I, plain Perseus, are forgot.
*Demetrius.* My Father! King! and Judge! thrice awful power!
Your Son, your Subject, and your Prisoner, hear;
Thrice humble state! If I have grace of speech,
(Which gives, it seems, offence) be that no crime
Which oft has serv'd my country, and my king:
Nor in my brother let it pass for virtue,
That, as he is, ungracious he would seem:
For, oh! he wants not art, though grace may fail him:
The wonted aids of those that are accus'd,
Has my accuser seiz'd. He shed false tears,
That my true sorrows might suspected flow:
He seeks *my* life, and calls *me* Murderer;
And vows no refuge can *he* find on earth,
That *I* may want it in a father's arms;
Those arms, to which e'en strangers fly for safety.
*King.* Speak to your charge.
*Demetrius.* He charges me with treason:
If I'm a traitor, if I league with *Rome*,
Why did his zeal forbear me till this hour?
Was treason then no crime, till (as he feigns)
I sought his life? Dares Perseus hold, so much,
His father's welfare cheaper than his own?
Less cause have I, a brother, to complain.
He says, I wade for empire through his blood:
He says, I place my confidence in *Rome*:
Why murder him, if *Rome* will crown my brow?
Will then a sceptre, dipt in brother's blood,
Conciliate love, and make my reign secure?
False are both charges; and he proves them false,
By placing them together.
*Antigonus.* That's well urg'd.
*Demetrius.* Mark, Sir, how Perseus, unawares, absolves me
From guilt in all, by loading all with guilt.

Did I design him poison at my feast?
Why then did I provoke him in the field?
That, as he did, he might refuse to come?
When angry he refus'd, I should have sooth'd
His rous'd resentment, and deferr'd the blow;
Not destin'd him that moment to my sword,
Which I before instructed him to shun.
Through fear of death, did he decline my banquet?
Could I expect admittance then at his?
These numerous pleas at variance, overthrow
Each other, and are advocates for me.

*Perseus.* No, Sir; Posthumius is his advocate.

*King.* Art thou afraid that I should hear him out?

*Demetrius.* Quit then this picture, this well-painted fear,
And come to that, which touches him indeed.
Why is Demetrius not despis'd of all,
His second in endowments, as in birth?
How dare I draw the thoughts of *Macedon?*
How dare I gain esteem with foreign powers?
Esteem, when gain'd, how dare I to preserve?
These are his secret thoughts; these burn within;
These sting up accusations in his soul;
Turn friendly visits to foul fraud, and murder;
And pour in poison to the bowl of love.
*Merit* is *Treason* in a younger brother.

*King.* But clear your conduct with regard to *Rome.*

*Demetrius.* Alas! dread Sir, I grieve to find set down,
Among my crimes, what ought to be my praise.
That I went hostage, or ambassador,
Was Philip's high command, not my request:
Indeed, when there, in both those characters,
I bore in mind to whom I owe my birth:
*Rome's* favour follow'd. If it is a crime
To be regarded, spare a crime you caus'd;
Caus'd by your orders, and examples too.
True, I'm *Rome's* friend, while *Rome* is your ally:

When not, this hostage, this ambassador,
So dear, stands forth the fiercest of her foes;
At your command, flies swift on wings of fire,
The native thunder of a father's arm.

*Antigonus.* There spoke, at once, the Hero, and the Son.

*Demetrius.* To close—To thee, I grant, some thanks are due; [*Speaking to* Perseus.
Not for thy kindness, but malignity:
Thy character's my friend, though thou my foe:
For, say, whose temper promises most guilt?
Perseus, importunate, demands my death:
I do not ask for his: Ah! no; I feel
Too pow'rful nature pleading for him *here*:
But were there no fraternal tie to bind me,
A son of Philip must be dear to me.
If you, my father, had been angry with me,
An elder brother, a less awful *parent*,
He should assuage you, he should intercede,
Soften my failings, and indulge my youth:
But my asylum drops its character;
I find not there my rescue, but my ruin.

*Perseus.* His bold assurance——

*King.* Do not interrupt him;
But let thy brother finish his defence.

*Demetrius.* O Perseus! how I tremble as I speak!
Where is a brother's voice; a brother's eye?
Where is the melting of a brother's heart?
Where is our awful father's dread command?
Where a dear, dying mother's last request?
Forgot, scorn'd, hated, trodden under foot!
Thy heart, how dead to ev'ry call of nature!
Unson'd! unbrother'd! nay, unhumaniz'd!
Far from affection, as thou'rt near in blood!
Oh! Perseus, Perseus!—But my heart's too full.
[*Falls on* Antigonus.

*King.* Support him.

*Perseus,* Vengeance overtake his crimes.

*King.* No more!

*Antigonus.* See, from his hoary brow, he wipes the dew,
Which agony wrings from him.

*King.* Oh! my friend,
These boys at strife, like *Ætna's* struggling flames,
Convulsions cause, and make a mountain shake;
Shake Philip's firmness, and convulse his heart;
And, with a fiery flood of civil war,
Threaten to deluge my divided land.
I've heard them both; by neither am convinc'd:
And yet Demetrius' words went through my heart.—
A double crime, Demetrius, is your charge;
Fondness for *Rome*, and hatred to your brother.
If you can clear your innocence in one,
'Twill give us cause to think you wrong'd in both.

*Demetrius.* How shall I clear it, Sir?

*King.* This honest man
Detests the *Romans*: If you wed his daughter,
*Rome's* foe becomes the guardian of your faith.

*Demetrius.* I told you, Sir, when I return'd from *Rome*——

*King.* How—Dost thou want an absolute command?
Your Brother, Father, Country, all exact it.

*Antigonus.* [*Aside to* Demetrius.] See yonder guards at hand, if you refuse.
Nay, more; a father, so distress'd, demands
A son's compassion, to becalm his heart.
Oh! Sir, comply.

*Demetrius.* [*Aside to* Antigonus.]
There! there! indeed, you touch me!
Besides, if I'm confin'd, and Perseus free,
I never, never, shall behold her more.——
Pardon, ye gods! an artifice forc'd on me.
Dread Sir, your son complies. [*To the king.*

*Dymas.* Astonishment!

*King.* Strike off his chains. Nay, Perseus too is free:
They wear no bonds, but those of duty, now.

Dymas, go thank the prince: He weds your daughter;
And highest honours pay your high desert.
[*Exeunt all but* Dymas *and* Demetrius.
*Dymas.* O, Sir, without presumption, may I dare
To lift my ravish'd thought?——
*Demetrius.* In what I've done
I paid a duty to my father's will:
And set you an example, where 'tis due,
Of not with-holding yours.
*Dymas.* My duty, Sir,
To you, can never fail.
*Demetrius.* Then, Dymas, I request thee,
Go seek the king, and save me from a marriage
My brother has contriv'd, in artful malice,
To make me lose my Father, or my Love.
Go, charge the just refusal on thyself.
*Dymas.* What Philip authorizes me to wish,
You, Sir, may disappoint: But, to take on me
The load of the refusal——
*Demetrius.* Is no more
Than Dymas owes his honour, if he'd shun
The natural surmise, that he concurr'd
In brewing this foul treason.
*Dymas.* Sir, the king
Knows what he does; and if he seeks my glory——
*Demetrius.* In a degree destructive of his own,
'Tis your's to disappoint him, or renounce
Your duty to your king.
*Dymas.* You'll better tell——
*Demetrius.* Yes, better tell the king, he wounds his honour,
By lifting up a *minion* from the dust,
And mating him with princes. Use your power
Against yourself: Yes, use it, like a man,
In serving him who gave it. Thus you'll make
Indulgence, justice, and absolve your master.
Though kings delight in raising what they love,
Less owe they to themselves, than to the throne;

Nor must they prostitute its majesty,
To swell a subject's pride, howe'er deserving.
*Dymas.* What the king grants me——
*Demetrius.* Talk not of grant:
What a king *ought not*, that he *cannot* give;
And what is more than meet from princes' bounty,
Is plunder, not a grant. Think you, his honour
A perquisite belonging to your place,
As favourite *paramount?* Preserve the king
From doing wrong, though wrong is done for *you;*
And shew, 'tis not in favour to corrupt thee.
*Dymas.* I sought not, Sir, this honour.
*Demetrius.* But would take it.
*True* majesty's the very soul of kings;
And rectitude's the soul of majesty:
If mining minions sap that rectitude,
The king may live, but majesty expires:
And he that lessens majesty, impairs
That just obedience public good requires;
Doubly a traitor, to the Crown, and State.
*Dymas.* Must I refuse what Philip's pleas'd to give?
*Demetrius.* Can a king give thee more than is his *Own?*
Know, a king's dignity is *public* wealth;
On that subsists the nation's fame, and power.
Shall fawning sycophants, to plump themselves,
Eat up their master, and dethrone his glory?
What are such wretches? What, but vapours foul,
From fens and bogs, by royal beams exhal'd,
*That* radiance intercepting, which should cheer
The land at large? Hence subjects' hearts grow cold,
And frozen loyalty forgets to flow:
But, then 'tis slipp'ry standing for the *minion:*
Stains on his ermin, to their royal master
Such miscreants are; not jewels in his crown.
If you persist, Sir—But, of words, no more!
To me, to threat, is harder than to do!
*Dymas.* Let me embrace this genuine son of Empire.
When the debates divide the doubtful land,

Should I not know the prince most fit to reign ?
I've try'd you, as an eagle tries her young,
And find, your dauntless eye is fix'd on glory.
I'll to the king, and your commands obey.——
We must give young men opiates in a fever. [*Aside.*
Yes, boy, I will obey thee, to thy ruin.
Erixine shall strike thee dead for this. [*Exit* Dymas.

*Demetrius.* These Statesmen nothing woo, but Gold and Power.
I'm a bold advocate for *other* love ;
Though, at *their* bar, indicted for a fool.
When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radient track of glory ; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason,
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame, for high renown.
Take then my soul, fair maid ! 'tis wholly thine ;
And thence I feel an energy divine.
When objects, worthy praise, our hearts approve,
Each virtue grows on consecrated love :
And, sure, soft passion *claims* to be forgiv'n,
When love of beauty is the love of heav'n.

# ACT IV.

*Enter* ERIXINE *and* DELIA.

*Erixine.* 'TIS plain! 'tis plain! this marriage gains her father.
He join'd to *Rome* the crown. Thy words were true:
He woos the diadem; that diadem which I
Despis'd for him. O, how unlike our loves!
But it is well; he gives me my revenge.
Wed Dymas' daughter! What a fall is there?
Not the world's empire could repair his glory.

*Delia.* Madam, you can't be mov'd too much!—But why
More now than at the first?

*Erixine.* At first I doubted:
For who, that lov'd like me, could have believ'd?
I disbeliev'd what Pericles reported;
And thought it Perseus' art to wound our loves.
But when the good Antigonus, sworn friend
To false Demetrius, when *his* word confirm'd it,
Then passion took me, as the northern blast
An autumn leaf. O gods! the dreadful whirl!
But, while I speak, he's with her: Laughs and plays;
Mingles his dalliance with insulting mirth;
To this new goddess offers up *my* tears;
Yes, with *my* shame and torture, woos her love.
I see, hear, feel it! O these raging fires!
Can then the thing we scorn give so much pain?

*Delia.* Madam, these transports give him cause to triumph.

*Erixine.* I vent my grief to thee; *he* ne'er shall know it.
If I can't conquer, I'll conceal my passion;
And stifle all its pangs beneath disdain.

*Delia.* The greatest minds are most relenting too:
If then Demetrius should repent his crime——

*Erixine.* If still my passion burns, it shall burn inward:

On the fierce rack in silence I'll expire,
Before one sigh escape me——*He* repent !
What wild extravagance of thought is thine ?
But did he ? Who repents, has once been false :
In love, repentance but declares our guilt ;
And injur'd honour—shall exact its due.
In vain *his* love, nay *mine* should groan in vain !
Both are devoted. Vengeance, vengeance, reigns !
Our first love murder'd, is the sharpest pang
A human heart can feel.

*Delia.* The king approaches.

*Enter the* KING, *&c.*

*King.* Madam, at length we see the dawn of peace,
And hope an end of our domestic jars.
The jealous Perseus can no longer fear
Demetrius is a *Roman ;* since this day
Makes him the son of Dymas, *Rome's* worst foe.

*Erixine.* Already, Sir, I've heard, and heard with joy,
Th' important news.

*King.* To make our bliss run o'er,
You, Madam, will complete what heav'n begins ;
And save the love-sick Perseus from despair :
That marriage would leave *Rome* without pretence
To touch our conquest ; and forever join
To these dominions long-disputed *Thrace.*

*Enter* DYMAS.

*Erixine.* Though *Thrace* by conquest stoops to *Macedon,*
I know my rank, and would preserve its due.
With meditated coldness have I heard
Prince Perseus' vows ; unwilling to consent,
Before restor'd to my forefathers throne,
Lest that consent should merit little thanks,
As flowing less from choice than your command :
But since the *Roman* pride will find account
In my persisting still ; and Philip suffer ;
I quit the lofty thought on which I stood,
And yield to your request.

*King.* Indulgent gods !
Blest moment ! how will this with transport fill
The doubtful Perseus, after years of pain !
*Dymas.* My lord, I've heard what past, and give you joy
Of Perseus' nuptials, which your state requires :
But for Demetrius'—think of those no more,
Far from accepting such a load of glory,
I bring, I bring, my lord, this forfeit head
Due to my bold refusal.
*King.* Dares the boy
Fall from his promise ; and impose on thee
*Forc'd* disobedience to my royal pleasure ?
*Dymas.* No, my most honour'd lord, there, there's my crime :
Fond of the maid, with ardour he press'd on :
But should I dare pollute his blood with mine ?
But you, Sir, authorize it—still more base,
To wrong a master so profusely kind.
*King.* That man is noble on whom Philip smiles.
Come, come, there's something more in this—explain.
*Dymas.* Why am I forc'd on this ungrateful office ?
Yet can't I tell you more than fame has told ;
Which says Demetrius is in league with *Rome.*
Why weds ambition then an humble maid,
But to gain me to treason ? What then follows ?
They'll say the subtle statesman plann'd this marriage,
To raise his blood into his master's throne.
No, Sir, preserve my fame ; let life suffice.

*Enter* PERICLES.

*Pericles.* Sir, your ambassadors arriv'd from *Rome.*—
[*Presents a letter.*
*King.* Ha ! I must read it—this will tell me more.
[*After reading it.*
O princess ! now our only comfort flows
From your indulgence to my better son.
This dreadful news precipitates my wish.
To keep rapacious *Rome* from seizing *Thrace*

You cannot wed too soon : My fair ally !
What if you bless me, and my son, to-morrow ?
*Erixine.* Since you request, and your affairs demand it,
Without a blush—I think I may comply.
*King.* O daughter ! but no more—The gods will thank you !
I go to bless my Perseus with the news.
*Dymas.* Thus the boy's dead in Empire, and in Love.
[*Exeunt* King, Dymas, &c.
*Erixine.* I triumph ! I'm reveng'd ! I reign ! I reign !
Nor thank Demetrius' treason for a crown.
Love is our own cause, honour is the gods.
I can be glorious without happiness ;
But without glory never can be blest.———
*Delia.* 'Tis well ; but can you wed the man you scorn ?
*Erixine.* Wed any thing for vengeance on the perjur'd.
I'll now insult him from an higher sphere :
This unexpected turn may gall his pride.
Whate'er has pangs for him, has charms for me.
*Delia.* A rooted love is scarce so soon remov'd.
*Erixine.* If not, the greater virtue to controul it ;
And strike at his heart, though 'tis through my own.
*Delia.* I can't but praise this triumph ; yet I dread
The combat still. And see, the foe draws near.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Demetrius.* Erixine !
*Erixine.* My Lord !
*Demetrius.* My pale cheek speaks,
My trembling limbs prevent my faltering tongue,
And ask you——
*Erixine.* What, my Lord ?
*Demetrius.* *My Lord ?*—Her eyes
Confirm it true, and yet, without a crime,
I can't believe it. O Erixine———
*Erixine.* I guess your meaning, Sir ; but am surpris'd
That Dymas' son should think of aught I do.
*Demetrius.* False are my senses ! false both ear and eye !
All, all be rather false than her I love !

*Erixine.* *She* past not, Sir, this way.
*Demetrius.* Is then my pain
Your sport? And can Erixine pretend
Herself deceiv'd, by what deceiv'd the king?
An artifice made use of for your sake;
A proof, not violation, of my love.
*Erixine.* I thought not of your love, nor artifice:
Both were forgot; or rather, never known.
But without artifice I tell you this;
Your brother lays his sceptre at my feet,
And whose example bids my heart resist
The charms of empire?
*Demetrius.* This is woman's skill;
You cease to love, and from my conduct strive
To labour an excuse. For if indeed
You thought me false, had you been thus serene,
Calm, and unruffled? No; my heart says, No.
Passions, if great, though turn'd to their reverse,
Keep their degree, and are great passions still.
And she who, when she thinks her lover false,
Retains her temper, never lost her heart.
*Erixine.* That I'm serene, says not I never lov'd.
Indeed the vulgar float as passion drives;
But noble minds have reason for their queen.
While you deserv'd, my passion was sincere;
You change, my passion dies. But pardon, Sir,
If my vain mind thinks anger is too much:
Take my neglect; I can afford no more.
*Demetrius.* No: rage! flame! thunder! give a thousand deaths!
Oh! rescue me from this more dreadful calm!
This curst indifference! which, like a frost
In northern seas, out-does the fiercest storm.
Commanded by my father to comply,
I feign'd obedience:—Had I then refus'd——
*Erixine.* I grant the consequence had been most dreadful!
I grant that Dymas' daughter had been angry.

*Demetrius.* Ask Dymas with what rage——
*Erixine.* You well might rage,
To be refus'd.
*Demetrius.* Refus'd?
*Erixine.* He told your secret;
The king, and I, and all the court can witness.
*Demetrius.* Refus'd! false villain! O the perjur'd slave!
Hell-born imposter! Madam, 'tis most false!
Warm from my heart is every word I speak!
The villain lies! Believe the pangs that rend me;
Believe the witness streaming from my eyes,
And let me speak no more.
*Erixine.* I do believe
Your grief sincere. I've heard the maid is fair.
*Demetrius.* Proceed; and thus *indeed* commit the crime
You falsely charge on me. The crown has charm'd you,
How warm this morning did you press my flight?
The cause is plain: An outrag'd lover's groan,
And dying agony, molest your ear,
And hurt the music of a nuptial song.
*Erixine.* Since your *inconstancy* persists to charge
Its crime on my *ambition*, I'll be kind,
And leave you in possession of an error,
Of which you seem so fond.
*Demetrius.* Ah! stay one moment!

*Enter* PERSEUS *and* PERICLES.

*Perseus.* Erixine!
*Demetrius.* Distraction! [*Starting.*]
*Erixine.* 'Tis well tim'd.
My lord, your brother doubts if I'm sincere,
And thinks (an error natural to him)
I'll break my vow to you.—You'll clear my fame,
And labour to convince him, that to-morrow,
Erixine's at once a bride and queen. [*Exit* Erixine.
*Perseus.* When I have work'd him up to violence,
Bring thou the king, and pity my distress.
[*To* Pericles, *who goes out.*

*Demetrius.* On what Extremes extreme distress impels me?
In things impossible I put my trust;
I, in my only brother, find a foe;
Yet in my rival, hope the greatest friend.
When all our hopes are lodg'd in such expedients,
'Tis as if poison were our only food;
And death was call'd on as the guard of life.
*Perseus.* Why dost thou droop?
*Demetrius.* Because I'm dead: quite dead
To hope; and yet rebellious to despair;
Like ghosts unbless'd, that burst the bars of death.
Strange is my conduct?—Stranger my distress;
Beyond example both! Who e'er before me
Press'd his worst foe, to prove his truest friend?
But though thou'rt *not* my Brother, thou'rt a *Man;*
And, if a man, compassionate the worst
That man can feel; though found that worst in me.
*Perseus.* What would'st?
*Demetrius.* Unclinch thy talons from thy prey;
Let the dove fly to *this* her nest again.
[*Striking his breast.*
For, oh! the maid's unalienably mine,
Though now through rage run mad, and turn'd to thee.
How often have I languish'd at her feet?
Bask'd in her eye, and revell'd in her smile?
How often, as she listen'd to my vows,
Trembling and pale with agonies of joy,
Have I left earth, and mounted to the stars!
*Perseus.* There Dymas' daughter shone above the rest,
Illustrious in thy sight.
*Demetrius.* Thy taunt, how false!——
I no less press your int'rest than my own.
Think you 'tis possible her heart, so long
Inclin'd to me, the price of all my vows,
Purchas'd by tears and groans, and paid me down
In tenderest returns of love divine,
Can in one day be yours?——Impossible!

*Perseus.* If I'm deceiv'd, I'm pleas'd with the deceit.
How my heart dances in the golden dream!
In pity do not wake me till to-morrow.
*Demetrius.* Then thou'lt wake distracted.—Trust me, brother!
She gives her hand alone.
*Perseus.* Nor need I more;
That hand's enough that brings a sceptre in it.
I scorn a prince who weds with meaner views.
Her duty's mine, and I conceive small pain
From your sweet error, that her love is yours.
I'm pleas'd such cordial thoughts of your own merit
Support you in distress.
*Demetrius.* Inhuman Perseus!
If pity dwells within the heart of man,
If due that pity to the last distress,
Pity a lover exquisitely pain'd;
A lover exquisitely pain'd by you.
Oh! in the name of all the gods, relent!
Give me my princess! give her to my throes!
Amidst a thousand *you* may chuse a Love;
The spacious earth contains but one for *me.*——
But oh! I rave: Art thou not he, the man
Who drinks my groans like music at his ear?
And would as wine, as nectar, drink my blood?
Are all my hopes of mercy lodg'd in thee?
O rigid gods! and shall I then fall down!
Embrace thy feet, and bathe them with my tears?
Yes, I will drown thee with my tears, my blood,
So thou afford a human ear to pangs,
A brother's pangs, a brother's broken heart.
*Perseus.* Pardon, Demetrius, but the princess calls,
And I am bound to go.
*Demetrius.* O stay. [*Laying hold of him.*
*Perseus.* You tremble.
*Demetrius.* The princess calls, and you are bound to go?
*Perseus.* E'en so.

*Demetrius.* What princess?
*Perseus.* Mine.
*Demetrius.* 'Tis false.
*Perseus.* Unhand me.
*Demetrius.* What, see, talk, touch, nay taste her; like a bee
Draw honey from her wounded lip, while I
Am stung to death!
*Perseus.* The triumph once was yours.
*Demetrius.* Rip up my breast, or you shall never stir.
My heart may visit her! O! take it with you.
Have I not seen her, where she has not been?
Have I not clasp'd her shadow? Trod her steps?
Transported trod! as if they led her to heav'n!
Each morn my life I lighted at her eye,
And ev'ry evening, at its close expir'd.——
[*Bursts into tears.*
*Perseus.* Fie! thou'rt a *Roman*; can a *Roman* weep?
Sure *Alexander's* helmet can sustain
Far heavier strokes than these. For shame, Demetrius.
E'en snatch up the next *Sabin* in thy way,
'Twill do as well. [*Going.*
*Dimetrius.* By heaven, you shall not stir.
Long as I live, I stand a world between you,
And keep you distant as the poles asunder.
Who takes my love, in mercy takes my life;
Thy bloody pass cleave through thy brother's breast.
I beg, I challenge, I provoke my death.
[*His hand upon his sword.*

*Enter* KING *and* DYMAS.

*Perseus.* You will not murder me?
*Demetrius.* Yes, you and all.
*King.* How like a tiger foaming o'er his prey!——
*Perseus.* Now, Sir, believe your eye, believe your ear,
And still believe me perjur'd, as this morning.
*King.* Heav'n's wrath's exhausted, there's no more to fear.
My darling son found criminal in all.

*Demetrius.* That villain there to blast me! Yes, I'll speak;
For what have I to fear, who feel the worst?
'Tis time the truth were known. That villain, Sir,
Has cleft my heart, and laughs to see it bleed;
But his confession shall redeem my fame,
And re-enthrone me in my princess' smile;
Or I'll return that false embrace he gave me,
And stab him in your sight.
*King.* Hold, insolent!
Where's your respect to me?
*Demetrius.* O royal Sir
That has undone me. Thro' respect I gave
A feign'd consent, which his black artifice
Has turn'd to my destruction. I refus'd
That slave's, that cursed slave's, that stateman's daughter,
And he pretends she was refus'd by him.
Hence, hence, this desolation. Nought I fear,
Tho' Nature groan her last. And shall *he* then
Escape and triumph?
*King.* Guards there! seize the prince!
The man you menace you shall learn to fear.
[*He is seiz'd.*
*Dymas.* Hold, Sir! not this for me! It is your son:
What is my life, tho' pour'd upon your feet?
*King.* Is *this* a son?
*Demetrius.* No, Sir; my crime's too great,
Which dares to vindicate a father's honour,
To catch the glories of a falling crown,
And save it from pollution. But I've done.
I die, unless my princess is restor'd; [*Pointing to* Dymas.
And if I die, by heav'n and earth, and hell!
His sordid blood shall mingle with the dust;
And see if thence 'twill mount into the throne.
O Sir! think of it! I'll expect my fate. [*Exit* Dem.
*King.* And thou shalt have it.
*Dymas.* How, my Lord; in tears!
*King.* As if the gods came down in evidence!

How many sudden rays of proof concur
To my conviction? Was ever equal boldness?
But 'tis no wonder from a brother king;
[*Produces the forg'd letter.*
This king of *Thrace*—To-morrow he'll be king
Of *Macedon*.——He therefore dies to-night.
*Perseus.* [*Aside to* Dymas.] And yet I doubt it; for I know his fondness.
Thou practise the lesson which I have well taught thee,
While I put on a solemn face of woe,
Afflicted for a brother's early fall.——
Heaven knows with what regret.—But, Sir, your safety—
*Presenting the mandate for* Demetrus' *death.*
*King.* What giv'st thou here?
*Dymas.* Your passport to renown.
You sign your apotheosis in that.
What scales the skies, but zeal for public good?
*Perseus.* How god-like mercy?
*Dymas.* Mercy to mankind
By treason aw'd.
*King.* [*To* Perseus.] Must then thy brother bleed?
[Dymas *seeming at a loss,* Perseus *whispers him and gives a letter.*
*Dymas.* [*Looking on the letter.*]
No, Sir; the king of *Thrace*.
*King.* Why that is true—
Yet who, if not a father, should forgive?
*Dymas.* Who, Sir, if not a Phillip, should be just?
*King.* [*To* Dymas.] Is't not my son?
*Dymas.* If not, far less his guilt.
*King.* [*To* Perseus.] Is not my other Perseus?
*Perseus.* Sir, I thank you;
That seeks your crown and life.
*King.* And *life?*
*Dymas.* No, Sir;
He'll only take your *crown*; you still may live.
*King.* Heav'n blast thee for that thought!
*Perseus.* Why shakes my father?
*King.* It stabs, it gnaws, it harrows up my soul.

Is he not young? Was he not much indulg'd?
Gall'd by his brother? Doubted by his father?
Tempted by *Rome?* A nation to a boy?
*Dymas.* O a mere infant——that deposes kings.
*King.* No; once sav'd my crown.
*Dymas.* And now would wear it.
*King.* How my head swims!
*Perseus.* Nor strange; the task is hard.
*Dymas.* Yet scarce for him. *Brutus* was but a *Roman:*
[*Speaking as if he would not have the king hear.*
Yet like a Philip dar'd; and is immortal.
*King.* I hear thee, Dymas; give me then the mandate.
[*Going to sign, he stops short.*
*Dymas.* No wonder if his *mother* thus had paus'd.
*Perseus.* [*Aside.*] Rank cankers on thy tongue; why mention her?
*King.* O gods! I see her now; what am I doing?
[*Throws away the style.*
I see her dying eye let fall a tear
In favor of Demetrius.—Shall I stab
Her lovely image stampt on every feature?
*Dymas.* His *soul* escap'd it, Sir.
*King.* Thou ly'st; begone.
[Perseus *and* Dymas *in great confusion:* Perseus *whispers* Dymas.
*Dymas.* [*Aside to* Perseus.] True; that, or nought, will touch him,
If, Sir, your mercy—— [*To the king.*
*Perseus.* O speak on of mercy;
Mercy, the darling attribute of heav'n.
*Dymas.* If you *should* spare him——
*King.* What if I *should* spare him?
*Dymas.* I dare not say—Your wrath again might rise.
*King.* Yes, if thou'rt silent—What if I *should* spare him?
*Dymas.* Why if you *should*—proud *Rome* would thank you for it.
*King.* *Rome!*—Her applause more shocks me than his death.

O thou, death's orator ! dread advocate
For bowelless severity ! assist
My trembling hand, as thou hast steel'd my heart ;
And if it is guilt in me, share the guilt.
He's dead. [*Signs.*] And if I blot it with one tear,
Perseus, though less affected, will forgive me.

*Perseus.* Forgive ! Sir, I applaud, and wish my sorrow
Was mild enough to weep.

[*The* King *going out, meets* Demetrius *in mourning, introduced by* Antigonus. *The* King *starts back, and drops on* Dymas. *Recovering, speaks.*

*King.* This, Fate, is the tenth wave, and quite o'erwhelms me :
It less had shock'd me, had I met his ghost.
This is a plot to sentence *me* to death.——
What hast thou done, my mortal foe ! thrown bars
[*To* Antigonus.
Athwart my glory ? but thy schemes shall fail.
As rushing torrents sweep th' obstructed mound,
So Philip meets this mountain in his way,
Yet keeps his purpose still.

[Perseus *and* Pericles *whisper aside.*

*Pericles.* I can't but fear it.

*Perseus.* I grant the danger great ; yet don't despair : *Jove* is against thee, Perseus on thy side.

*Antigonus.* The prince, dread Sir, low on his bended knee——

*King.* This way, Antigonus.—Do's mark his bloom? Grace in his aspect, grandeur in his mien ?

*Antigonus.* I do.

*King.* 'Tis false ; take a king's word.—He's dead.— That darling of my soul would stab me sleeping. How dar'st *thou* start ? art thou the traitor's father ? If thou art pale, what is enough for me ?—— How his grave yawns : Oh ! that it was my own.

*Antigonus.* Mourn not the guilty.

*King.* No; he's innocent:
Death pays his debt to justice; and that done,
I grant him still my son; as such I love him:
Yes, and will clasp him to my breast, while yet
His clay is warm, nor moulders at my touch.
*Perseus.* [*Aside.*] A curse on that embrace.
*Dymas.* Nay worse; he weeps.
*King.* Poor boy, be not deceiv'd by my compassion;
My tears are cruel, and I groan thy death.
*Demetrius.* And am I then to die? If death's decreed,
Stab me yourself, nor give me to the knife
Of midnight ruffians, that have forg'd my crimes.
For you I beg, for you I pour my tears;
You are deceiv'd, dishonour'd; I am only slain.
Oh! Father—
*King.* Father?—There's no father here;
Forbear to wound me with that tender name;
Nor raise all nature up in arms against me.
*Demetrius.* My Father! Guardian! Friend! nay, Deity!
What less than gods give being, life, and death!
My dying mother———
*King.* Hold thy peace, I charge thee.
*Demetrius.* Pressing your hand, and bathing it with tears,
Bequeath'd your tenderness for her to me;
And, low on earth, my legacy I claim,
Clasping your knee, though banish'd from your breast.
*King.* My knees!—Would that were all; he grasps my heart.
Perseus, canst thou stand by and see me ruin'd?
[*Reaching his hand to* Perseus.
*Perseus.* Loose, loose thy hold.—It is *my* father too.
*King.* Yes, *Macedon*, and thine, and I'll preserve thee.
*Demetrius.* Who once before preserv'd it from the *Thracian?*
And who, at *Thrasymene* turn'd the lifted bolt
From Philip's hoary brow?

*King.* I'll hear no more.
O Perseus ! Dymas ! Pericles ! assist me,
Unbind me, disenchant me, break this charm
Of *Nature*, that accomplice with my foes ;
Rend me, O rend me, from the friend of *Rome.*
*Perseus.* Nay *then*, howe'er reluctant, aid I *must.*
The friend of *Rome ?—That* severs you forever ;
Though most incorporate and strongly knit ;
As lightning rends the knotted oak asunder.
*Demetrius.* In spite of lightning, I renew the tie ;
And stubborn is the grasp of dying men.
Who's he that shall divide me from myself ?

[Demetrius *is forc'd from the* King's *knees, on which, starting up, he flings his arms round his father.*

Still of a piece with him from whom I grew,
I'll bleed on my asylum, dart my soul
In this embrace, and *thus* my treason crown.
*King.* Who love yourselves, or *Macedon*, or me,
From the curs'd **Eagle's* talons wrench my crown ;
And this barb'd arrow from my breast.—'Tis done ;
[*Forc'd asunder.*
And the blood gushes after it.——I faint.
*Dymas.* Support the king !
*Perseus.* While treason licks the dust.
[*Pointing at* Demetrius, *fallen in the struggle.*
*Dymas.* A field well fought.
*Perseus.* And justice has prvail'd.
*King.* O that the traitor could conceal the son !
Farewel, once best belov'd ! still most deplor'd !
He, he who dooms thee, bleeds upon thy tomb.
[*Exit* King.
Prostrate on thee, my mother earth, be thou
Kinder than brother, or than father ; open
And save me in thy bosom from my—*Friends :*
Friends, sworn to wash their hands in guiltless tears,

* The ROMAN Ensign.

And quench infernal thirst in kindred blood ;
As if relation sever'd human hearts,
Or that destruction was the child of love.
*Perseus.* Farewel, young traitor ; if they ask below,
Who sent thee beardless down, say, *Honest Perseus :*
Whom reason sways, not instinct ; who can strike
At horrid parricide, and flagrant treason,
Though through a bosom dearer than his own.
Think'st thou my tender heart can hate a brother ?
The gods and Perseus war with nought but guilt.
But I must go. What, Sir, your last commands
To your Erixine ? She chides my stay. *Exit* Perseus.
*Demetrius.* Without the token of a brother's love,
He could not part ; my death was not enough———
I came for mercy, and I find it here :———
And death is mercy, since my love is lost.
Alas ! my father too ; my heart aches for him :
And Perseus,—fain would I forgive e'en thee :
But Philip's sufferings cry too loud against it.
Blind author, and sure mourner of my death !
Father most dear ! what pangs hast thou to come ?
Like that poor wretch is thy unhappy doom,
Who, while in sleep his fever'd fancy glows,
Draws his keen sword, and sheathes it in his foes ;
But, waking, starts upright, in wild surprise,
To feel warm blood glide round him as he lies ;
To see his reeking hands in crimson dy'd,
And a pale corse extended by his side :
He views with horror, what mad dreams had done,
And sinks heart-broken, on a murder'd son.

# ACT V.

## SCENE I.

KING *and* ANTIGONUS, POSTHUMIUS, *meeting.*

*Posthumius.* WE, in behalf of our allies, O King!
Call'd on thee yesterday, to clear thy glory;
Nor wonder now that Philip is unjust
To strangers, who has murdered his own son.
*King.* 'Tis false.
*Posthumius.* No thanks to Philip that he fled.
*King.* A traitor is no son.
*Posthumius.* Heav'n's vengeance on me,
If he refus'd not yesterday thy crown,
Though Life and Love both brib'd him to comply.
*King.* See there. [*Gives the letter.*
*Posthumius.* 'Tis not the consul's hand, or seal.
*King.* You're his accomplices.
*Posthumius.* We're his avengers.
'Tis war.
*King.* Eternal war.
*Posthumius.* Next time we meet—
*King.* Is in the *Capitol*—Haste, fly my kingdom.
*Posthumius.* No longer *thine.*
*King.* Yes, and proud *Rome* a province.
[*Exit* Posthumius, &c.
They brave, they make, they tyrannize o'er kings.
The name of king the prostrate world ador'd,
Ere *Romulus* had call'd his *thieves* together.—
But let me pause.—Not *Quintius'* hand, or seal?—
Doubt and impatience, like thick smoke and fire,
Cloud and torment my reason.
*Antigonus.* Sir, recall,
And re-examine those you sent to *Rome:*
You took their evidence in haste and anger.
Torture, if they refuse, will tell the truth.

*King.* Go, stop the nuptials, till you hear from me.
[*Exit* King *and* Antigonus.

*Enter* ERIXINE *and* DELIA, *meeting.*

*Delia.* Madam, the prince, who fled from threaten'd death,
Attempting his escape to foreign realms,
Was lately taken at the city gates,
So strongly guarded by his father's pow'rs;
And now, confin'd, expects his final doom.

*Erixine.* Imprison'd, and to die!—And let him die.
Bid Dymas' daughter weep—I half forgot
His perjur'd insolence. I'll go and glut
My vengeance. O how just a traitor's death!
And blacker still, a traitor to my love.
[*Exeunt* Erixine *and* Delia.

*Scene draws, and shows* Demetrius *in prison.*

*Demetrius.* Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace!
Thou home of horror! hideous nest of crimes!
Guilt's first sad stage in her dark road to hell!
Ye thick-barr'd sunless passages for air,
To keep alive the wretch that longs to die!
Ye low-brow'd arches, through whose sullen gloom,
Resound the ceaseless groans of pale despair!
Ye dreadful shambles, cak'd with *human* blood!
Receive a guest, from far, far other scenes,
From pompous courts, from shouting victories,
Carousing festivals, harmonious bow'rs,
And the soft *Chains* of heart-dissolving love.
Oh! how unlike to *these?* heart-breaking load
Of shame eternal, ne'er to be knock'd off,
O welcome death, no, never but by thee——
Nor has a foe done this.—A friend! A father!—
O that I could have dy'd without their guilt.—
[*Enter* Erixine. Demetrius *gazing at her.*
So look'd in chaos the first beam of light:
How drives the strong enchantment of her eye
All horror hence!—How die the thoughts of death!

*Erixine.* I knew not my own heart. I cannot bear it.
Shame chides me back; for to insult his woes
Is too severe; and to condole, too kind. [*Going.*

*Demetrius.* Thus I arrest you in the name of mercy,
And dare compel your stay: Is then one look,
One word, one moment, a last moment too,
When I stand tottering on the brink of death,
A cruel ignominious death, too much
For one that loves like me? A length of years
You may devote to my blest rival's arms,
I ask but one short moment. O permit,
Permit the Dying to lay claim to thee,
To thee, thou dear equivalent for life——
Cruel, relentless, marble-hearted maid!

*Erixine.* Demetrius, you persist to do me wrong;
For, know, though I behold thee as thou art,
Doubly a traitor, to the state and me;
Thy sorrow, thy distress, have touch'd my bosom:
I own it is a fault; I pity thee.

*Enter* OFFICER.

*Officer.* My Lord, your time is short, and death waits for you.

*Erixine.* Death?—I forgive thee from my inmost soul.

*Demetrius.* Forgive me? Oh! thou need'st not to forgive;
If imposition had not struck thee blind.
Truth lies in ambush yet, but will start up,
And seize thy trembling soul, when mine is fled.
O I've a thousand, thousand things to say.

*Erixine.* And I am come a secret to disclose,
That might awake thee, wert thou dead already.

*Officer.* My lord, your final moment is expir'd.

*Demetrius* and *Erixine.*

One, one short moment more.

*Demetrius.* No; death lets fall
The curtain, and divides our loves forever.

[*Is forc'd out.*

*Erixine.* O I've a darker dungeon in my soul,
Nor want an executioner to kill me.
What revolutions in the human heart
Will pity cause! What horrid deeds revenge! [*Exit.*

*Scene shuts. Enter* ANTIGONUS, *with attendants.*

*Antigonus.* How distant virtue dwells from mortal man!
Was't not that each man calls for other's virtue,
Her very name on earth would be forgot,
And leave the tongue, as it hath left the heart.
Was ever such a labour'd plan of guilt?
Take the king's mandate, to the prison fly,
Throw wide the gates, and let Demetrius know
The full detail.

[*Enter* Erixine.

The princess! ha! begone; [*To the attendant.*
While I stir up an equal transport here.
Princess, I see your griefs, and judge the cause:
But I bring news might raise you from your grave;
Or call you down from heaven to hear with joy.
Just gods! the virtuous will at last prevail.
No motives here too tedious to relate,
I begg'd the king to re-examine those,
Who came from *Rome.* The king approv'd my counsel.
Surpris'd, and conscious, in their charge they falter'd,
And threaten'd tortures soon discover'd all:
That Perseus brib'd them to their perjuries;
That *Quintius'* letter was a forgery;
That prince Demetrius' intercourse with *Rome,*
Was innocent of treason to the State.

*Erixine.* O my swoln heart! What will the gods do with me?

*Antigonus.* And to confirm this most surprising news,
Dymas, who, striving to suppress a tumult,
The rumour of Demetrius' flight had rais'd,
Was wounded sore, with his last breath confess'd,
The prince refus'd his daughter; which affront
Inflam'd the statesman to his prince's ruin.

*Erixine.* Did he refuse her? [*Swoons.*
*Antigonus.* Quite o'ercome with joy!
Transported out of life!—The gods restore!
*Erixine.* Ah! why recal me? This is a new kind
Of murder; most severe! that dooms to *life.*
*Antigonus.* Fair princess, you confound me.
*Erixine.* Am I fair?
Am I a princess? Love and Empire mine?
Gay, gorgeous visions dancing in my sight!
No, here I stand a naked shipwreck'd wretch,
Cold, trembling, pale, spent, helpless, hopeless, maid;
Cast on a shore as cruel as the waves,
O'er-hung with rugged rocks, too steep to climb;
The mountain billows loud, come foaming in
Tremendous; and confound, ere they devour.
*Antigonus.* Madam, the king absolves you from your vow.
*Erixine.* For me, it matters not; but oh! the prince—
When he had shot the gulph of his despair;
Emerging into all the light of heav'n,
His heart, high-beating with well-grounded hope;
Then to make shipwreck of his happiness,
Like a poor wretch that has escaped the storm,
And swam to what he deems an happy isle,
When, lo! the savage natives drink his blood.
Ah! why is vengeance sweet to woman's pride,
As rapture to her love? It has undone me.
*Delia.* Madam, he comes.
*Erixine.* Leave us, Antigonus.
*Antigonus.* What dreadful secret this?—But I'll obey,
Invoke the gods, and leave the rest to fate. [*Exit* Ant.
*Erixine.* How *terribly* triumphant comes the wretch!
He comes, like flowers ambrosial, early born,
To meet the blast, and perish in the storm.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Demetrius.* After an age of absence in one hour,
Have I then found thee, thou celestial maid!

Like a fair *Venus* in a stormy sea ;
Or a bright goddess, through the shades of night,
Dropt from the stars to these blest arms again ?
How exquisite is pleasure after pain !
Why throbs my heart so turbulently strong,
Pain'd at thy presence, through redundant joy,
Like a poor miser, beggar'd by his store ?

*Erixine.* Demetrius, joy and sorrow dwell too near.

*Demetrius.* Talk not of sorrow, lest the gods resent
As under-priz'd so loud a call to joy.
I live, I love, am lov'd, I have her here !
Rapture, in present, and in prospect, more !
No rival, no destroyer, no despair ;
For jealousies, for partings, groans, and death,
A train of joys, the gods alone can name !
When heav'n descends in blessings so profuse,
So sudden, so surpassing hope's extreme,
Like the sun bursting from the midnight gloom,
'Tis impious to be niggards in delight ;
Joy becomes duty ; heav'n *calls* for some excess,
And transport flames as incense to the skies.

*Erixine.* Transport how dreadful !

*Demetrius.* Turns Erixine ?
Can she not bear the sunshine of our fate ?
Meridian happiness is pour'd around us ;
The laughing loves descend in swarms upon us,
And where we tread is an eternal spring.
By heav'n I almost pity guilty Perseus
For such a loss.

*Erixine.* That stabs me through and through !

*Demetrius.* What stabs thee ?—Speak.—Have I then lost thy love ?

*Erixine.* To my confusion, be it spoke.—'Tis thine.

*Demetrius.* To thy confusion ! Is it then a crime ?
You heard how dying Dymas clear'd my fame.

*Erixine.* I heard, and trembled ; heard, and ran distracted.

*Demetrius.* Astonishment !

*Erixine.* I've nothing else to give thee.
[*He steps back in astonishment; she in agony; and both are silent for some time.*
He is struck dumb.—Nor can I speak.—Yet must I.
I tremble on the brink; yet must plunge in——
Know, my Demetrius! joys are for the gods;
Man's common course of nature is distress:
His joys are prodigies; and like them too,
Portend approaching ill. The wise man starts,
And trembles at the *perils* of a bliss.
To hope, how bold! How daring to be fond,
When what our fondness grasps is not immortal!—
I will presume on thy known, steady virtue,
And treat thee like a man; I will, Demetrius!
Nor longer in my bosom hide a brand,
That burns unseen, and drinks my vital blood.
*Demetrius.* What mystery? [*Here a second* pause *in both.*
*Erixine.* The blackest.
*Demetrius.* How every terror doubles in the dark?
Why muffled up in silence stands my fate?
This horrid spectre let me see at once,
And shew if I'm a man.
*Erixine.* It calls for more.
*Demetrius.* It calls for *me* then; Love has made me *more.*
*Erixine.* O fortify thy soul with more than love;
To hear, what heard, thou'lt curse the tongue that tells thee.
*Demetrius.* Curse whom? Curse thee!
*Erixine.* Yes, from thy inmost soul.
Why dost thou lift thy eyes and hands to heav'n?
The pow'rs most conscious of this deed, reside
In darkness, howl below in raging fires,
Where pangs like mine corrode them.—Thence arise,
Black gods of execration and despair!
Tho' dreadful earthquakes cleave your upward way,
While nature shakes, and vapours blot the sun;
Then through those horrors in loud groans proclaim,
I am——

*Demetrius.* What?—I'll have it, though it blast me.
*Erixine.* Thus then in thunder——I am Perseus' wife.
[Demetrius *falls against the scene. After a pause,*
*Demetrius.* In thunder?—No; *that* had not struck so deep.
What tempest e'er discharg'd so fierce a fire?—
Calm and deliberate anguish feeds upon me;
Each thought sent out for help brings in new woe.
Where shall I turn? where fly? to whom but thee?
[*Kneeling.*
Tremendous *Jove!* whom mortals will not know
From blessings, but *compel* to be severe,
I feel thy vengeance, and adore thy power;
I see my failings, and absolve thy rage.
But, oh! I must perceive the load that's on me;
I can't but tremble underneath the stroke.
Aid me to bear!—but since it can't be borne,
Oh let thy mercy burst in flames upon me!
Thy triple bolt is healing balm to this;
This pain unfelt, unfancy'd by the wretch,
The groaning wretch that on the wheel expires.
*Erixine.* Why did I tell thee?
*Demetrius.* Why commit a deed
Too shocking to be told? What fumes of hell
Flew to thy brain? What fiend the crime inspir'd?
*Erixine.* Perseus, last night, as soon as thou wast fled,
At that dead hour, when good men are at rest,
When every crime and horror is abroad,
Graves yawn, fiends yell, wolves howl, and ravens scream;
Than ravens, wolves, or fiends, more fatal far,
To me he came, and threw him at my feet,
And wept, and swore, unless I gave consent
To call a priest that moment, all was ruin'd.
That the next day Demetrius and his powers
Might conquer, he lose me, and I my crown,
Conferr'd by Philip but on Perseus' wife.
*I* started, trembled, fainted; he invades
My half-recover'd strength, brib'd priests conspire,

All urge my vow, all seize my ravish'd hand,
Invoke the gods, run o'er the hasty rite;
While each ill omen of the sky flew o'er us,
And furies howl'd our nuptial song below.——
Canst thou forgive?

*Demetrius.* By all the flames of love,
And torments of despair, I never can.
The furies toss their torches from thy hand,
And all their adders hiss around thy head!
I'll see thy face no more! [*Going.*

*Erixine.* Thy rage is just.
Yet stay and hear me. [*She kneels, and holds him.*

*Demetrius.* I have heard too much.

*Erixine.* 'Till thou hast heard the whole, O do not curse me!

*Demetrius.* Where can I find a curse to reach thy crime?

*Erixine.* Mercy! [*Weeping.*

*Demetrius.* [*Aside.*] Her tears, like drops of moulten lead,
With torment burn their passage to my heart.
And yet such violation of her vows——

*Erixine.* Mercy!

*Demetrius.* Perseus— [*Stamping.*

*Erixine.* Stamp till the centre shakes,
So black a dæmon shalt thou never raise.
Perseus! Canst thou abhor him more than I?
Hell has its furies, Perseus has his love,
And, Oh! Demetrius his eternal hate.

*Demetrius.* Eternal! Yes, eternal and eternal;
As deep, and everlasting, as my pain.

*Erixine.* Some god descend, and sooth his soul to peace!

*Demetrius.* Talk'st *thou* of peace? What peace hast thou bestow'd?
A brain distracted, and a broken heart.
Talk'st *thou* of peace? Hark, hark, thy husband calls,
His father's rebel! brother's murderer!
Nature's abhorrence, and—thy lawful lord!
Fly, my kind patroness, and in his bosom
Consult my peace.

*Erixine.* I never shall be there.
My lord! my life!
*Demetrius.* How say'st? Is Perseus here?
Fly, fly! away, away! 'tis death! 'tis incest!
[*Starting wide, and looking round him. As he is going, she lays hold of his robe.*
Dar'st thou to touch Demetrius? Dar'st thou touch him
Even with thine eye?
*Erixine.* I dare—and more, dare seize,
And fix him here: No doubt to thy surprise.—
I'm blemish'd, not abandon'd; honour still
Is sacred in my sight. Thou call'st it incest;
'Tis innocence, 'tis virtue; if there's virtue
In fix'd, inviolable strength of love.
For, know, the moment the dark deed was done,
The moment madness made me Perseus' wife,
I seiz'd *this* friend, and lodg'd him in my bosom,
[*Showing a dagger.*
Firmly resolv'd I never would be more.
And now I fling me at thy feet, imploring
Thy steadier hand to guide him to my heart.
Who wed in vengeance, wed not but to die.
*Demetrius.* Has Perseus then an hymenial claim?
And no divorce but death?—and death from me,
Who should defend thee from the world in arms?
O thou still excellent! still most belov'd!
*Erixine.* Life is the foe that parts us; death, a friend
All knots dissolving, joins us; and forever.
Why so disorder'd? Wherefore shakes thy frame?
Look on me; do *I* tremble? Am *I* pale?
When I let loose a sigh, I'll pardon thine.
Take my example, and be bravely wretched;
True grandeur rises from surmounted ills;
The wretched only can be truly great.
If not in kindness, yet in vengeance strike;
'Tis not Erixine, 'tis Perseus' wife.——
Thoul't not resign me?
*Demetrius.* Not to *Jove.*

*Erixine.* Then strike.
*Demetrius.* [*Gazing on her with astonishment.*]
How can I strike? Stab at the face of heav'n?
How can I strike?—Yet how can I forbear?
I feel a thousand deaths, debating one.
A deity stands guard on every charm,
And strikes at me.
*Erixine.* As will thy brother soon:
He's now in arms, and may be here this hour.
Nothing so cruel as too soft a soul;
This is strange tenderness, that breaks my heart;
Strange tenderness, that dooms to *double* death——
To Perseus.
*Demetrius.* True.—But *how* to shun that horror?
By wounding thee, whom savage pards would spare?
My heart's inhabitant! my soul's ambition!
By wounding thee, and bathing in thy blood;
That blood illustrious, through a radiant race
Of kings, and heroes, rolling down from gods?
*Erixine.* Heroes and kings, and gods themselves, must yield
To dire necessity.
*Demetrius.* Since that absolves me,
Stand firm and fair.
*Erixine.* My bosom meets the point,
Than Perseus far more welcome to my breast.
*Demetrius.* Necessity for gods themselves too strong,
Is weaker than thy charms. [*Drops the dagger.*
*Erixine.* O my Demetrius!
[*Turns, and goes to the farther part of the stage.*
*Demetrius.* O my Erixine!
[*Both silent, weep and tremble.*
*Erixine.* Farewel. [*Going.*
*Demetrius.* [*Passionately seizing her.*] Where goest?
*Erixine.* To seek a friend.
*Demetrius.* He's here.
*Erixine.* Yes, Perseus' friend.—
Earth, open and receive me.

*Demetrius.* Heav'n strike us dead,
And save me from a double suicide,
And one of tenfold death.—O *Jove!* O *Jove!*
[*Falling on his knees.*
But I'm distracted. [*Suddenly starting up.*
What can *Jove?* Why pray?
What can I pray for?
*Erixine.* For a heart.
*Demetrius.* Yes, one
That cannot feel. Mine bleeds at every vein.
Who never lov'd, ne'er suffer'd; he feels nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone;
And when we feel for others, reason reels,
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As Love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the *marvelous* of pain;
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born:
E'en Dymas, Perseus (hearts of adamant!)
Might weep these torments of their mortal foe.
*Erixine.* Shall I be less compassionate than they?
[*Takes up the dagger.*
What love deny'd, thine agonies have done; [*Stabs herself.*
Demetrius' sigh outstings the dart of death.

*Enter the* KING, *&c.*

*King.* Give me Demetrius to my arms; I call him
To life from death, to transport from despair.
*Demetrius.* See Perseus' wife! [*Pointing at Erixine.*]
Let Delia tell the rest.
*King.* My grief-accustom'd heart can guess too well.
*Demetrius.* That sight turns all to guilt, but tears and death.
*King.* Death!—Who shall quell false Perseus now in arms?
Who pour my tempest on the Capitol?
How shall I sweeten life to thy sad spirit?—
I'll quit my throne this hour, and thou shalt reign.

*Demetrius.* You recommend that death you would dissuade ;
Ennobled thus by fame and empire lost,
As well as life !—Small sacrifice to love.

[*Going to stab himself, the* King *runs to prevent it; but too late.*

*King.* Ah, hold ! nor strike thy dagger through my heart !

*Demetrius.* 'Tis my first disobedience, and my last.

[*Falls down.*

*King.* There Philip fell ! There *Macedon* expir'd !
I see the *Roman* eagle hovering o'er us,
And the shaft broke should bring her to the ground.

[*Pointing at* Demetrius.

*Demetrius.* Hear, good Antigonus ! my last request :
Tell Perseus, if he'll sheath his impious sword
Drawn on his father, I'll forgive him all ;
Though poor Erixine lies bleeding by :
Her blood cries Vengeance ;—but my father's, Peace—

[*Dies.*

*King.* As much his goodness wounds me as his death.
What then are both ? O Philip, once renown'd !
Where is the pride of *Greece*, the dread of *Rome*,
The theme of *Athen's*, the wide world's example,
And the god *Alexander's* rival, now ?
E'en at the foot of fortune's precipice,
Where the slave's sigh wafts *pity* to the *prince*,
And his *omnipotence* cries out for *more*.

*Antigonus.* As the swoln column of ascending smoke,
So solid swells *thy* grandeur, pigmy man !

*King.* My life's deep tragedy was plann'd with art,
From scene to scene advancing in distress,
Through a sad series, to this dire result ;
As if the *Thracian* queen conducted all,
And wrote the *moral* in her children's blood ;
Which seas might labour to wash out in vain.
Hear *it*, ye nation's ! distant ages ! hear ;
And learn the dread decrees of *Jove* to fear :

His dread decrees the strictest balance keep;
The father groans, who made a mother weep;
But if no terror for *yourselves* can move,
Tremble, ye parents, for the child ye love;
For *Your* Demetrius: *Mine* is doom'd to bleed,
A guiltless victim, for his father's deed.

AN HISTORICAL

# EPILOGUE.

## BY THE AUTHOR.

.....
.....

AN EPILOGUE, through custom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade;
Vengeance so great, that when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from *Rome* swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by *Rome* in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled:
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.
When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung;
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O *Rome!* began to flow;
So sad the scene: What then must Perseus feel,
To see *Jove's* race attend the victor's wheel:

To see the slaves of his worst foes increase,
From such a source !—An Emperor's embrace ?
He sicken'd soon to death ; and, what is worse,
He well *deserv'd*, and *felt*, the coward's curse ;
Unpity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's power ;
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign ;
No suit retards, no comfort sooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling, shares his fate :
His throne forgot ! his weeping country chain'd !
And nations ask—Where *Alexander* reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crime pursue,
So public blessings are his virtue's due,
Shout, *Britons* shout—auspicious fortune bless !
And cry, Long live—*OUR title to success !*

THE

# COMPLAINT:

OR,

# NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

## PREFACE.

AS the occasion of this Poem was *real*, not *fictitious*; so the method pursued in it, was rather *imposed*, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than *meditated* or *designed*. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reason of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

THE

# COMPLAINT.

## NIGHT THE FIRST;

ON

## LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

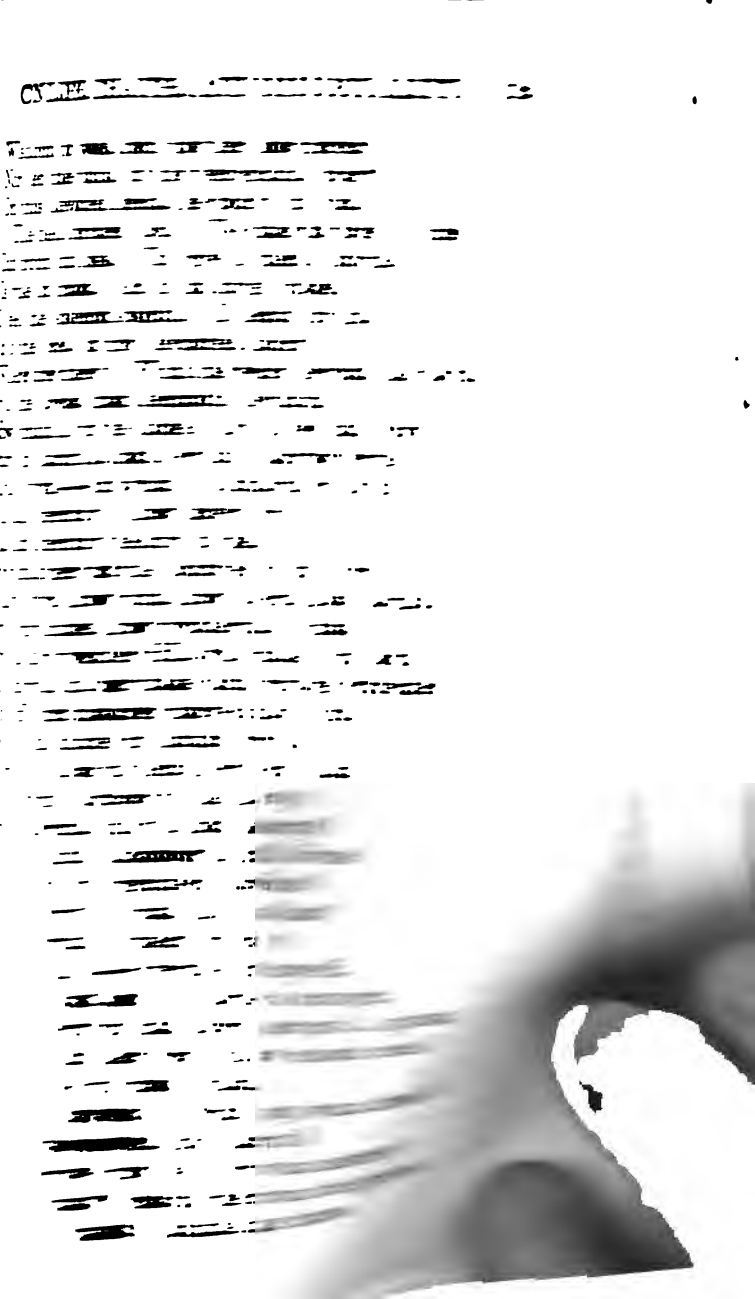
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,

(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The *Day* too short for my distress; and *Night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
*Night*, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
*Fate!* drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
*Silence* and *Darkness!* solemn sisters! twins
From ancient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
To *Reason*, and on *Reason* build *Resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?———
THOU, who didst put to flight
Primeval *Silence*, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O THOU, whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Thro' this opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of *Life* and *Death*;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve



'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread:
What tho' my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal*:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heav'n husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are *Angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
*This* is the desart, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
*This* is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is *Shadow*, all beyond
Is *Substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
*This* is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
*Life's* theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of existence free.

From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.
Yet man, fool man ! *here* buries all his thoughts ;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
*Here* pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by heav'n
To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more !
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire !
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure ? It o'erwhelms myself ;
How was my heart encrusted by the world !
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul !
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies !
Night-visions may befriend (as sung above :)
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible ! (Could sleep do more ?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change !

Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *spider's* most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
*Here* teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
Each *Moment* has its fickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean?*
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me?*
Insatiate archer! could not *one* suffice?
Thy shaft flew *thrice;* and *thrice* my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O *Cynthia!* why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss! from *fortune's* smile,
Precarious courtesy! not *virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.
In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Thro' the dark postern of time long laps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing *Past;*
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desart *now;* and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain?* or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In *this* shape, or in *that,* has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of *pain.*
War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and fire,

THE

# COMPLAINT:

OR,

# NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more and double thy distress.
LORENZO, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
Is heav'n tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cause*, and *consequence*:
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than *simple* misery, their charms.
*Revolted* joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,

Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
LORENZO! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we prophecy in vain.
*Time* is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."
By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's furnitures, expire.
Not ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud.
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, LORENZO! a *slow sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
*Procrastination* is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,

And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not This be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
Forever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves applauds;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom* to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry stage: When young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
*Knows* it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but Themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds

O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget PHILANDER? That were strange!
O my full heart—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.
The spritely *lark's* shrill matin wakes the morn;
*Grief's* sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet *Philomel!* like Thee,
And call the stars to listen: Ev'ry star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm thro' distant ages: Wrapt in shade,
Pris'ner of darkness! to the silent *hours*,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, *Mæonides!*
Or, *Milton!* thee; ah could I reach your strain!
Or *His*, who made *Mæonides* our *Own*.
*Man* too he sung: *Immortal* man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What, *now*, but immortality can please?
O had *He* press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung *Immortal* man!
How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me!

# NIGHT THE SECOND.

## ON

# TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

# NIGHT THE *SECOND.*

## ON

# TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

### TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

.....
.....

" *WHEN the cock crew, he wept*"—smote by that eye,
Which looks on me, on all: That pow'r, who bids
*This* midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *Heav'n.*
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is listed; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
LORENZO! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where most they need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear PHILANDER's dust. He, *thus*, tho' dead,
May still befriend—What themes? *Time's wond'rous Price*,
*Death*, *Friendship*, and PHILANDER's *final scene.*
So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impress

On my dark cloud an *Iris* : and from grief
Call glory—Dost thou mourn PHILANDER's fate ?
I know thou say'st it : Says thy *life* the same ?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,
(O glorious avarice !) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold ?
O *Time !* than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools ; and fools *reputed* wise.
What *moment* granted man without account ?
What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid ?
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious *Death !* should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the pris'ner free.
*Eternity's* inexorable chain
Fast binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I shudder'd on the brink ! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !
That *Time* is mine, O MEAD ! to thee I owe ;
Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity.*
But ill my genius answers my desire ;
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will ;—*that* dies not with my strain.
For what calls *thy* disease, LORENZO ? not
For *Esculapian,* but for *Moral* aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
*Youth* is not rich in *Time,* it may be poor ;
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth ;
And what its worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come ;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels ; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty, wisdom, glory, gain ?*
(*These* heav'n benign in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,

When vernal suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou say'st I *preach*, LORENZO! 'Tis confess'd.
What, if for once, I preach thee quite *awake?*
Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason, to the soul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?
Will toys amuse? No: Thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
*Redeem* we time?—Its *loss* we dearly buy.
What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads time's num'rous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee?*
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be thine;
*This* cancels thy complaint at once, *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
*This* greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
*This* the blest art of turning all to gold;
*This*, the *good* heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
Immense revenue! ev'ry moment *pays*.
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed, admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.

On all important *Time*, through ev'ry age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
" *I've lost a day.*"——the prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an emperor without his crown ;
Of *Rome ?* say, rather, lord of human race :
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
*So* should all speak : So *reason* speaks in all :
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessing we possess ?
*Time* the supreme !—Time is Eternity ;
Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r etherial, only *not* ador'd.
Ah ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short ;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
*Art*, brainless *Art !* our furious charioteer
(For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recal !)
Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of death ;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made :
O what a riddle of absurdity !
*Leisure* is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels ;
How heavily we drag the load of life !
Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of *Cain*,
It makes us wander ; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,

From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
*Time*, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ;
Behold him, when past by ; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter that the winds ?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills ;
To nature just, their *Cause* and *Cure* explore.
Not short heav'n's bounty, boundless our expence ;
No niggard, nature ; men are prodigals.
We *waste*, not *use* our time ; we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life.
And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why ? since *Time* was giv'n for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man ;
*Time's* use was doom'd a pleasure : Waste, a pain ;
That man might *feel* his error, if unseen :
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;
Not, blund'ring, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts ; such by heav'n design'd ;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments ; and without employ
The soul is on a rack ; the rack of *rest*,
To souls most adverse ; action all their joy.
Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle, with *Great Nature's Plan ;*
We thwart the Deity ; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves ;
Our thoughts at enmity ; our bosom-broils ;

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
*Life* we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and shun;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
And time *possest*, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cause and cure are seen: See next
Time's *Nature*, *Origin*, *Importance*, *Speed*;
And thy great *Gain* from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a god.
Hast *thou* ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence?
*For*, or *against*, what wonders he can do!
And *will*: To stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
Not on *these terms* was *Time* (heav'n's stranger!) sent
On this important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no: On the long destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wond'rous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born,)
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on *these terms*, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's mysterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;

The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres ;
That horologue machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies :
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew *Eternity* his sire :
In his *immutability* to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose.
Why spur the speedy ? Why with levities
New wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight ?
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done ?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man ; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end :
And then, where are we ? where, LORENZO ! then
Thy sports ? thy pomps ?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious ; in the *ruffled* shroud,
Thy *Parian* tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies ? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.
Ye *well-array'd !* Ye lilies of our land !
Ye lilies *male !* who neither toil, nor spin,
(As sister lilies *might*) if not so wise
As *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the sight !
Ye *delicate !* who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable ! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in *Leo ;* silky-soft
*Favonius* breathe still softer, or be chid ;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms !
O ye-LORENZOS of our age ! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a misery
Not made for feeble man ! who call aloud

For ev'ry bauble drivel'd o'er by sense ;
For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's *day*—say, sages ! say,
Wit's oracles ! say, dreamers of gay dreams !
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where such expedients fail ?
O treach'rous *Conscience !* while she seems to sleep
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song ;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd ;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross *Act* alone employs her pen ;
She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe ! the formidable spy,
List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp :
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all consuming heirs ;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable *Time ;*
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd ;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
Writes our whole history ; which *Death* shall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear ;
And *Judgment* publish ; publish to more worlds
Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.
Lorenzo, *such* that *Sleeper* in thy breast !
*Such* is her slumber ; and her vengeance *such*
For slighted counsel ; *such* thy future peace !
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon ?*
But why on *Time* so lavish is my song ?
On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a school,

To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills;
Sure *Vice* must butcher. O What heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heav'n invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
*More* than creation labours!—labours *more?*
And is there in creation, what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?——
*Man* sleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
All else is in alarm! *Man*, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *Years* away?
Throw *Empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize;
Heav'n's on their wing: A moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* stand still,
Bid him drive back his car, and re-import
The period past, re-give the given hour.
LORENZO, *more* than miracles we want;
LORENZO—O for yesterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man *awake*;
His ardor such, for what *oppresses* thee.
And is his ardor vain, LORENZO? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
*To-day* is *Yesterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the Rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? Fly off
Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?

Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd ?
More wretched for the clemencies of heav'n ?
Where shall I find *Him ?* Angels ! tell me where.
*You know* him : He is near you : Point him out :
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow ?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers ?
Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, shed
Protection ; now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight ! lord of fate !
That awful independent on *To-morrow !*
Whose *work is done ;* who triumphs in the *Past ;*
Whose *Yesterdays* look backwards with a smile ;
Nor, like the *Parthian,* wound him as they fly ;
That common, but opprobrious lot ! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;
All god-like passion for externals quench'd ;
All relish of realities expir'd ;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies ;
Our freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our desire ;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar ;
Prone to the centre ; crawling in the dust ;
Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim ;
Embruted ev'ry faculty divine ;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd,
Though we from *Earth ; Ethereal,* they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man.
Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend ! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night ?
A night that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude : We gaze around ;
We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
We sigh, we sink ; and *are* what we deplor'd ;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot !
Is death at distance ? No : He has been on thee ;
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now ?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues !
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing : How fleet their flight !
Already has the fatal train took fire ;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee ;*
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven ;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *Experience* call ;
If *Wisdom's* friend, her best ; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them ! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;
"And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes ?
Since, by *Life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more ;
Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,

And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the skies !)
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time !) decrees ;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm ?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead !
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentious, as the *written wall*, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Assyrian* pale,
Ere-while high-flusht, with insolence, and wine ?
Like *that*, the dial speaks ; and points to thee,
LORENZO ! loth to break thy banquet up :
" O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;
" And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Its silent language such : Nor need'st thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the *Median*, fate is in thy walls :
Dost ask, *How ? Whence ? Belshazzar*-like, amaz'd ?
Man's make encloses the sure seeds of death ;
*Life* feeds the murderer : Ingrate ! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.
But, here, LORENZO, the delusion lies ;
That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
It life resembles too : Life speeds away
From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth :
Too subtle is the movement to be seen ;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
*Warnings* point out our danger ; *Gnomons*, time :
As *these* are useless when the sun is set :
So *those*, but when more glorious *Reason* shines.
*Reason* should judge in all ; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware :
A *Wilmington* goes slower than the sun :

And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *This*, or similar, PHILANDER! thou
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And strong, to wield all science, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream!
How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, so sought; to the *Recluse* more coy!
Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;
Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains
The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Passion* fires;
Chiming her saints to *Cytherea's* fane.
Know'st thou, LORENZO! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt nectar* drawn from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wisdom* and *Delight*;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
*Good Sense* will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.

Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possest;
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
*Speech* ventilates our intellectual fire;
*Speech* burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.
In *Contemplation* is his proud resource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converse* unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* field;
*Converse*, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint; and *emulation's* spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;
And *Nature's* fool, by *Wisdom* is undone.
*Wisdom*, though richer than *Peruvian* mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of *Happiness?*
*That* unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
*Friendship*, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
*Nature*, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: It calls for *Two*;
Rich fruit! heav'n-planted! never pluckt by *One*.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *social* man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
*Pleasure's* bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense, is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.
Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit: In *Passion's* flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *Reason*; passion's foe:
*Virtue* alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us forever:
Of *Friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *Friendship*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious surviver of old *Time* and *Death!*
From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly seed,
The wise extract earth's most *Hyblean* bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.
But for whom blossoms this *Elysian flower?*
*Abroad* They find, who cherish it at *Home.*
LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the *Great*,
None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile.
Their smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own;
And we no less of ours, when *such* the bait,

Ye fortune's cofferers ! Ye pow'rs of wealth !
Can gold gain friendship ? Impudence of hope !
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
LORENZO ! pride repress ; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I shew thee friendship Delicate, as Dear,
Of tender violations apt to die ?
*Reverse* will wound it ; and *Distrust*, destroy,
Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core ;
First, on thy friend, delib'rate with Thyself ;
Pause, ponder, sift ; not Eager in the choice,
Nor Jealous of the chosen ; Fixing, Fix ;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend ; but nobler far for Thee ;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize !
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
" Poor is the friendless master of a world :
" A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
So sung He (angels hear that angel sing !
Angels from friendship gather half their joy)
So sung PHILANDER, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the gen'rous blood
Of BACCHUS, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow salute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend ;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.
*Friendship's* the wine of life ; but friendship *new*
(Not such was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
O ! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side ;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down ;
All social virtues rising in his soul ;

As crystal clear ; and smiling, as they rise !
*Here* nectar flows ; it sparkles in our sight ;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavor'd bliss for gods ! on earth how rare !
On earth how *lost* !—PHILANDER is no more.
Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song ?
Am I too warm ?—Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much ; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold ;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight !
His flight PHILANDER took ; his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius !) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew ; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter ; prudent foes forbear ;
Rivals scarce damn ; and ZILUS reprieve.
Yet what I can, I must : It were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange ! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung !
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
*Painim* or *Christian ;* to the blush of wit.
Man's highest triumph ! man's profoundest fall !
The *Death-bed* of the just ! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand ; it merits a Divine :
Angels should paint it, angels ever *There ;*
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.
Dare I presume, then ? But PHILANDER bids ;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls——
Yet am I struck ; as struck the soul, beneath
Aërial *Groves* impenetrable gloom ;
Or, in some mighty *Ruin's* solemn shade ;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born Dust,*
In vaults ; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings ;
Or, at the midnight *Altar's* hallow'd flame.

Is it religion to proceed ; I pause——
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed ? No : It is his shrine :
Behold him, there, just rising to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane ! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease ;
If unrestor'd by This, despair your cure.
For *Here*, resistless demonstration dwells ;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
*Here* tir'd *dissiumlation* drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene !
*Here* Real, and Apparent, are the Same.
You see the *Man ;* you see his hold on heav'n ;
If sound his virtue ; as PHILANDER'S, sound.
Heav'n waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
On this side death ; and points them out to men,
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r !
To vice, confusion ; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
*Virtue* alone has majesty in death ;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
PHILANDER ! he severely frown'd on thee.
"No warning giv'n ! Unceremonious fate !
" A sudden rush from life's meridian joy !
" A wrench from all we *love !* from all we *are !*
" A restless bed of pain ! a plunge opaque
" Beyond conjecture ! feeble *Nature's* dread!
" Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown !
" A sun extinguisht ! a just opening grave !
" And Oh ! the last, last, what ? (can words express ?
" Thought reach it ?) the last—*Silence* of a friend !"
Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
Demand from man ?—I thought him man till *now.*

Through nature's wreck, through vanquisht agonies,
(Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *Mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for All.
Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts; Great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!
Whence this brave bound, o'er limits fixt to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mixt tears of grief and joy!
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
*Christians* Adore! and *Infidels* Believe!
As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vale;
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
PHILANDER, thus, augustly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *Peace*, and heav'nly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,
Divinely beams on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.

# NIGHT THE THIRD.

## NARCISSA.

# NIGHT THE THIRD.

# NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUTCHESS OF *P*——.

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.* VIRG.

.....
.....

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *Reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.
O! Lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude, to be Alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our *Reason*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God!*
Then nearest These, when Others most remote;
And All, ere long, shall be remote, *but* These.
How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
*Now* woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more.
Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a Friend——
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.
Take PHOEBUS to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head;
And reeling through the wilderness of joy;
Where *Sense* runs savage, broke from *Reason's* chain,

And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike ; unlike my song ;
Unlike the deity my song invokes.
I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
(ENDYMION's rival !) and her aid implore ;
Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse.*
Thou, who didst lately borrow *CYNTHIA's form,
And modestly forego thine Own ! O Thou,
Who didst thyself at midnight hours inspire !
Say, why not CYNTHIA patroness of song ?
As Thou her crescent, she thy character
Assumes ; still more a goddess by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute
This revolution in the world *inspir'd ?*
Ye train *Pierian !* to the *Lunar* sphere,
In silent hour, address your ardent call
For aid immortal ; less her brother's right.
She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,
A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.
Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heav'n !
What title, or what name, endears thee most ?
CYNTHIA ! CYLLENE ! PHOEBE !—or dost hear
With higher gust, fair P——D of the skies !
Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
More pow'rful than of old *Circean* charm ?
Come ; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring
The soul of song, and whisper in my ear
The theft divine ; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are thine) transfuse it thro' the breast
Of thy first votary——But not thy last ;
If, like thy *Namesake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be ; kind on such a theme ;
A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !
A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,

* At the Duke of *Norfolk's* masquerade.

'Twas *Night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which smote me from PHILANDER'S tomb.
NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluster; rare are *solitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each others heel;
*Her* death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my limbs for him:
Seizes the faithless alienated tear,
Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *more* than causes, he confounds;
For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
And make distress, distraction. Oh PHILANDER!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour;
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmonist! and Beautiful as sweet!
And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
And Gay as soft! and Innocent as gay!
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguisht in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravisht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,

Kneel, and present it to the skies; as All
We guess of heav'n: And *these* were all her own.
And she was mine; and I was—*was!*—most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;
*Good* lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier There;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.
Soon as the lustre languisht in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat; and scatter'd fears around,
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,
That once had seen?) with haste parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun! which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile *at* him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
By what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
While *here*, presuming on the rights of heav'n.
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
LORENZO? At thy friend's expence be wise;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at best; but, oft, a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—Thought repell'd
Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy fresh op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept!
Strangers to Thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to Kindness, wept: Their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears: strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
While *nature* melted, *superstition* rav'd;
*That* mourn'd the dead; and *this* deny'd a grave.
Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *tyger* suck'd outrag'd the storm.
For Oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurst
In blind *infalibility's* embrace,
The *sainted spirit* petrify'd the breast;
Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What succour? What resource?

With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend. I crept,
With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
I *whisper'd* what should echo thro' their realms;
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grug'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stampt the curst soil; and with humanity
(Deny'd NARCISSA) wisht them all a grave.
Glows my resentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine!
This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
*He* deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.
When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour *uncontroul'd*,
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
*Then*, spleen to *dust*? the dust of innocence?
An angel's dust?—This *Lucifer* transcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
Far less than This is shocking in a race
Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love;
And *uncreated*, for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment, *lost*,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! Of horrid things

Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were?
Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.

Fir'd is the muse? And let the muse be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
And in the nerve most tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! PHILANDER had his foes;
He felt the truths I sing, and I in Him.
But He, nor I, feel more: Past ills, NARCISSA!
Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clust'ring There
Thick as the locusts on the land of *Nile*,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?
An aspic, Each! and All, an *Hydra* woe:
What strong *Herculean* virtue could suffice?—
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.

A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
They make Mankind the mourner; carry sighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that husht *Cimmerian* vale,
Where *darkness*, brooding o'er unfinisht fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought!
*There* let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.
For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,
My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;
"Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
"Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
"And labour that first palm of noble minds,
"A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."
This harvest reap from thy NARCISSA's grave,
As poets feign'd from AJAX' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
*Welcome*, as *safe*, our port from ev'ry storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,

Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under foot their agonies and groans;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
LORENZO! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious Æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of ev'ry thought? and wish of ev'ry hour?
And song of ev'ry joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the num'rous *ills* that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroacht delights;
On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on *orts*, and *glean* their former fields.

Live ever here, LORENZO!—shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here?—With lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To forfeit on the *same*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery
For change, tho' sad? To see what we have seen?
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a flatter year,
Thro' loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worse concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of excess!
Still-streaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.
Such of our *fine ones* is the wish refin'd!
So would they have it: Elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
But such examples might their riot awe.
Thro' want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Tho' on *bright thought* they father all their flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The same vain world; to censure, and espouse,
This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Thro' dread of worse; to cling to this rude rock
Barren, *to them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope——
Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath,
Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
VIRTUE—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted shrew*;
And what will more surprise, LORENZO! gives
To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change;
And straitens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'st thou this, LORENZO? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.
A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste: The cuckow-seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
To doating *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence possest,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a charriot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a Line to *bliss*;
*Virtue*, which Christain motives best inspire!
And *bliss*, which Christain schemes alone ensure!
And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates? And turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
"He sins against *this* life, who slights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their fav'rite know!

Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd,
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
Where now the *barren rock?* the *painted shrew?*
Where now, LORENZO! life's *eternal round?*
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*
Assists me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* lustre from a higher sphere.
When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory distant: Oh LORENZO!
A good man, and an angel! these between
How thin the barrier! What divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies.

Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass?
The *soft transition* call it; and be cheer'd:
*Such* it is often, and why not to Thee?
To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise;
And may itself *procure*, what it *presumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange Competition!*"—True, LORENZO! strange
So little *Life* can cast into the scale.
*Life* makes the soul dependent on the dust;
*Death* gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Thro' chinks, styl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light;
*Death* bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembody'd power.
*Death* has feign'd evils, *nature* shall not feel;
*Life* ills substantial, *wisdom* cannot shun.
Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of heaven!
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
By *death* enlarg'd, ennobled, defy'd?
*Death* but intombs the body; *life* the soul.
"Is *death* then guiltless? How he marks his way
"With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
"Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
"With various lustres *these* light up the world,
"Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, LORENZO! this indictment just:
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
*Death* humbles these; more barb'rous *life*, the *man*.
*Life* is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;
*Death*, of the spirit infinite! divine!
*Death* has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
No bliss has *life* to boast, till death can give
Far greater; *life's* a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
LORENZO! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,

Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
LORENZO! blush at *terror* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more? O *death*, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
*Age* and *disease*; disease, tho' long my guest;
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reason and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
*Lust* and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his charriot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O death! is thine.
Our day of dissolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe: What tho' the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain!
More than thy balm, O *Gilead!* heals the wound.
*Birth's* feeble cry, and *death's* deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-taxt nature pays
For mighty gain: The gain of each, a life!
But O! the last the former so transcends,
*Life* dies, compar'd; *Life* lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, *death!* no joy from thought of thee?
*Death*, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed!
*Death*, the deliverer, who rescues man!

*Death*, the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns!
*Death*, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
*Death*, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *source*, and *subject*, still subsist unhurt;
One, in my soul; and one, in her great Sire;
Tho' the four winds were warring for my dust.
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Tho' prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
(To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
And live *entire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we rise; we reign!
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies;
Where blooming *Eden* withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in *Eden* lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I *die?*—When shall I live forever?

# NIGHT THE FOURTH.

## THE

# CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

10

# NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE

# CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH:

CONTAINING

## OUR ONLY CURE FOR THE FEAR OF DEATH;

AND

## PROPER SENTIMENTS OF HEART ON THAT INESTIMABLE BLESSING.

## TO THE HONOURABLE MR. YORKE.

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A MUCH indebted muse, O YORKE! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sov'reign cure.
Why start at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is past; not come, or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *sensation* fails; black-boding man
*Receives*, not *suffers*, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
*Imagination's* fool, and *error's* wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;

Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; ev'ry date cries—"Come away."
And what recals me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: The wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range, on just *dislike's* unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the *best*; the many, flaw all o'er;
As *leopards*, spotted, or, as *Ethiops*, dark;
Vivacious *ill*; *good* dying immature;
(How immature, NARCISSA's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endless pain;
His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs, for *future* scenes.
But grant to life (and just it is to grant
To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleasing *reflections* on parts well-sustain'd,
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss *fortune* back her tinsel and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
A new world rises, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,
To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worst: Ah me! the dire effect
Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long;

Of old so gracious (and let that suffice,)
My very master knows me not.——
Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate ?
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardor to be seen.
When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great ;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
*Refusal !* canst thou wear a smoother form ?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme :
Who cheapens life, abates the *Fear of Death :*
Twice told the period spent on stubborn *Troy*,
Court favour yet untaken, I besiege ;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas ! ambition makes my little less ;
Embitt'ring the possess'd : Why wish for more ?
*Wishing*, of all employments, is the worst ;
Philosophy's reverse ; and health's decay !
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
*Wishing* would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* dream,
*Wishing* is an expedient to be poor.
*Wishing*, that constant *hectic* of a fool ;
Caught at a court ; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet ; gifts of rural life !
Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
*Here*, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms :
And meditate on scenes, more silent still ;
Pursue my theme, and fight the *Fear of Death.*
*Here*, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager *ambition's* fiery chase I see ;

I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst laws inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursu'd, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies:"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, tho' in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state;
Some avocation deeming it——to die,
Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.
O my coëvals! remnants of yourselves!
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard?
Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* rush on num'rous ills;
And soon at man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive: And am I fond of life,

Who scarce can think it possible, I live ?
Alive by miracle ! or, what is next,
Alive by MEAD ! if I am still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*,
And *vapid ; Sense* and *Reason* shew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.
O thou great arbiter of life and death !
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence ; and could know
No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing ! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
They call I follow to the land *unknown ;*
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs :
All weight in this—O let me live to thee !
Tho' *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be represt ;
Still frowns grim *Death ;* guilt points the tyrants spear.
And whence all human guilt ? From death forgot.
Ah me ! too long I set at nought the swarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew ;
And smil'd, unsmitten : Small my cause to smile !
*Death's* admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound ;
O think how deep, LORENZO ! *here* it stings :
Who can appease its anguish ? How it burns !
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can draw ?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace ?
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ?
With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I see ;
Ah ! too conspicuous ! it is fix'd on high.

On *high?*—What means my phrensy? I blaspheme;
Alas! how *low!* how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds;*
Draw the dire steel—ah no! the *dreadful* blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope? that nail supports
The falling universe: That gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! A groan *not His.*
He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear;
Sensations *new* in angel's bosoms rise;
Suspend their song; and make a pause in bliss.
O for *their* song; to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful spheres;
Whilst I with *seraphs* share seraphic themes,
And shew to men the dignity of man;
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Shall *pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
And *christian* languish? On our hearts not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: My heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this,*
"Expended deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths,* which burst the tenfold night
Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
Of endless day: To feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous, Pow'r!
Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night;
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!

In love immense, inviolably just !
Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
Didst stain the *Cross ;* and work of wonders far
The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.
Bold thought ! shall I dare speak it, or repress ?
Should man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the guilt
Which rous'd such vengeance ? which such love inflam'd ?
O'er guilt (how mountainous !) with out-stretcht arms,
Stern *justice*, and soft-smiling *love* embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost :
What, but the *fathomless* of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue *both ?* Both rescue ! both exalt !
O how are both exalted by the *deed !*
The wond'rous deed ! or shall I call it *more ?*
A wonder in Omnipotence itself !
A mystery no less to gods than men !
Not, *thus*, our infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete :
*They* set at odds heav'n's jarring attributes ;
And, with one excellence, another wound ;
Maim heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobious praise :
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.
Ye brainless wits ! Ye baptiz'd infidels !
Ye worse for mending ! wash'd to fouler stains !
The ransom was paid down ; the fund of heav'n,
Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond : Though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum :
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
Forever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme.*
And was the ransom paid ? It was : And paid
(What can exalt the bounty more ?) for *you.*

The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: *Midnight* veil'd his face;
Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;
A *midnight* nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her creator's frown!
*Sun!* didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross;
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
Heav'n wept, that men might smile! Heav'n bled, that man
Might never die!———————
And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*:
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?
Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? Other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught;
Heav'n's sovereign blessings, clust'ring from the Cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The pris'ner of amaze!—In his blest *life*,
I see the *path*, and, in his *death*, the *price*,
And in his great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? He who slew
The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race!

The king of glory, He, whose glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
*Pow'rs* most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!
Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and heav'n!
This *sum of good* to man. *Whose* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose; then first *humanity*
Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heav'n's duration
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heav'n! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I wrapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' *Aonian* mount!—Alas! small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal! If extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heav'n's indulgent sight.
If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heav'n, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
*This*, only *this*, subdues the *fear of death*.

And what is *this ?*—Survey the wond'rous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
" Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
" Thro' means that speak its value infinite!
" A pardon bought with blood! with Blood divine!
" With blood divine of Him, I made my foe!
" Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,
" Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
" A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
" Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
" My species up in arms! not one exempt!
" Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies,
" Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
" As if our race were held of highest rank;
" And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, ev'ry heart! and ev'ry bosom, burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round, high planted on the skies;
Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
*Praise!* flow forever, (if astonishment
Will give thee leave) my praise! forever flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heav'n
More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.
So dear, so due to heav'n, shall *praise* descend,
With her soft plume (from *plausive* angels wing
First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praise* the perquisite of ev'ry paw,
Tho' black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!
Shall *praise* her odours waste on VIRTUE's dead,
Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by washing *Æthiops* fair,
Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts,

Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apostate *praise!* thou vagabond!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrivall'd theme.
There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,
Back to thy fountain; to that Parent Pow'r,
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to *be.* Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
*Great Sire!* whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!—
Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night,*
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What heav'n's meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not *praise* be thine, not human praise?
While heav'n's high host on *hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of hell, *great Love!* by thee
Oh most Adorable! most Unador'd!
Where shall that praise begin which ne'er should end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
How is *nights* sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wisdom* shines! what *love!* This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profusion: Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! Oh tell me, mighty mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
Call to the *sun,* or ask the roaring *winds,*

For their Creator ? Shall I question loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells ?
Or holds HE furious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car ?
What mean these questions ?—Trembling I retract;
My prostrate soul adores the *present* God :
Praise I a distant deity ? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd ;) the nerve that writes, sustains :
Wrapt in his being, I resound his praise :
But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence ; *local* is his throne (as meet,)
To gather the disperst (as standards call
The listed from afar :) to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since *finite* ev'ry nature but his own.
The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth ;
And *nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand ;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile !
The great *First-last !* pavillion'd high he sits
In darkness from excessive splendor born,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors ; he looks down
On all that soars ; and spans immensity.
Though *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundless creation ! what art thou ? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his majesty :
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter in dust and sin, the theme of heav'n ?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay ;
Goes out in darkness : if, on tow'ring wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars !
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,
Great ! good ! wise ! wonderful ! eternal King !
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss ;
And ask their strain ; they want it, *more* they want,

Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not: They see
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heav'n's superior praise!
First-born of Ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
And some *did* envy; and the rest though gods,
Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
They less would *feel*, though more adorn, my theme.
They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd;)
How rose in melody, that child of love!
*Creation's* great superior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption*; they just gave the key:
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
Though human, yet divine; for should not *this*
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here?*
*Redemption!* 'twas creation more sublime;
*Redemption!* 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in heav'n.
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.
*Here* pause, and ponder: Was there death in heav'n?
What then on earth? On earth, which struck the blow?
Who struck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd,
See through this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!
How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condenst, the son of heav'n!

The *double* son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall heav'n's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace shall He deny?
O ye! who, from this *Rock of ages*, leap,
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our int'rest in the Master of the storm!
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd nature's ruins *smile*;
While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.
Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire:
How long shall human nature be *their* book,
Degen'rate mortal! and *unread* by Thee?
The beam dim *reason* sheds shews wonders There;
What high contents! Illustrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*.
Who looks on That, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, Eternity! at Thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! How improv'd!
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an *Eden*; heighten'd all!
It is another scene! another self!
And still another, as time rolls along;
And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
Beyong long ages, yet roll'd up in shades

Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate!
How nature opens, and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter and embrace me! what new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps whate'er exists,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
*He*, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
From spirits awful fountain; pour'd Himself
Through all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into Himself again;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.
Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to sing,
Though yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
While *Here*, of corps etherial, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the *glorious Standard* soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
MICHAEL has fought our battles; RAPHAEL sung
Our triumphs; GABRIEL on our errands flown,

Sent by the SOV'REIGN : and are these, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? And Thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ?
*Religion's* All. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next ;*
*Religion !* the sole voucher man is man ;
Supporter sole of man above himself ;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! Providence ! an After-state !
*Here* is firm footing ; *here* is solid rock !
*This* can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where Ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elysian* prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change ;
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestial, set at large, she mounts
To *Reason's* region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.
*Religion !* thou the soul of happiness ;
And, groaning *Calvary*, of thee ! *There* shine
The noblest truths ; *there* strongest motives sting ;
There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborn.
Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
*He* weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun ;
*He* sighs—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd ? his tenderness on fire ?

Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
Can pray'r, can praise avert it ?—Thou, my *All !*
My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !
My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world !
My light in darkness ! and my life in death !
My boast thro' time ! bliss thro' eternity !
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise !
Or fathom thy profound of love to man !
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me ;
My sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these !
What then art THOU ? by what name shall I call Thee ?
Knew I the name devout archangels use,
Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
By me unrival'd ; thousands more sublime,
None half so dear, as that, which, tho' unspoke
Still glows at heart : O how omnipotence
Is lost in love ! Thou great PHILANTHROPIST !
Father of angels ! but the friend of man !
Like JACOB, fondest of the younger born !
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoaking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress !
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth ! to favour, and confound ;
To challenge, and to distance all return !
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise painting in the distant vale !
Thy right too great, defrauds thee of thy due ;
And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
(That noblest hymn to heav'n !) forever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death* ! and ev'ry fear,
The dread of ev'ry evil, but Thy frown.
Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
Ye quietists, in homage to the skies !

Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
Abhoring violence! who *halt* indeed;
But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with heav'n!
Think you my song too terbulent? too warm?
Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul?
*Reason* alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
To touch things sacred? O for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs;
Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song!
THOU, my much-injur'd theme! with that soft eye,
Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.
O ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
Shall heav'n which gave us ardor, and has shewn
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heav'n;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heav'n's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heav'n,
Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,
Thro' the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh! when will *death* (now stingless) like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *death*,
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *past*,

And *present !* when shall I thy shrine adore ?
From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
This dark, incarcerating *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day ! that breaks our chains ;
That manumits ; that calls from exile home ;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, thro' the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne ;
Who hears our Advocate, and, thro' his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command :
'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wise ;
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.
See thou, LORENZO ! where hangs all our hope !
Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live ; or, *more* than die ;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels ; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory ; partial *touch !*
Ineffably pre-eminent regard !
Sacred to man, and sov'reign thro' the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heav'n thro' all duration, and supports
In one illustrious, and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *nature !* and thy God's renown ;
*That touch*, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.
Dost ask me when ? When He who dy'd returns ;
Returns, how chang'd ! Where then the man of woe ?
In glory's terrors all the godhead burns ;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in heav'n ;
Replenisht soon, replenisht with increase
Of pomp, and multitude ; a radiant band
Of angels new ; of angels from the *tomb*.

Is this by fancy thrown remote ? and rise
Dark doubts between the promise, and event ?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure ;
Read Nature ; Nature is a friend to truth ;
Nature is *Christian ;* preaches to mankind ;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of Ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape ; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze :
And, with Him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.
*Nature* is dumb on this important point ;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes ;
*Faith* speaks aloud, distinct ; ev'n *adders* hear ;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
*Faith* builds a bridge across the gulph of death,
To break the shock blind *nature* cannot shun,
And lands though smoothly on the farther shore,
Death's terror is the moutain *faith* removes ;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction ; and absolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge, the guiltless tomb.
Why disbelieve ? LORENZO !—" *Reason* bids,
" All sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still ;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame :
All-sacred *reason !* source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above !
My heart is thine : Deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life ; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed Cross, by fortune stampt
On passive nature, before thought was born ?
My birth's blind bigot ! fir'd with *local* zeal !

No ; *reason* rebaptiz'd me when adult ;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale ;
My heart became the convert of my head ;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
" On argument alone my faith is built :"
*Reason* pursu'd is *faith ;* and, unpursu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more :
And such our *proof*, That, or our *faith*, is *right*,
Or *reason* lies, and heav'n design'd it *wrong :*
Absolve we This ? What, then, is blasphemy ?
Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
*Reason*, we grant, demands our first regard ;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
*Reason* the root, fair *faith* is but the flower ;
The fading flower shall die ; but *reason* lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian ; think not reason *yours :*
'Tis *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear ;
'Tis *reason's* injur'd rights His wrath resents ;
'Tis *reason's* voice obey'd His glories crown ;
To give lost *reason* life, He pour'd his own :
Believe, and shew the reason of a man ;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb :
Through *reason's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die ;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans*, due
To those, who push our *antidote* aside ;
Those boasted friends to *reason*, and to *man*,
Whose fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd
And vilify'd at once ; of *reason* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old ;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?
While *love of truth* through all their camp resounds,

They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, *call'd* argument;
And then exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the sun:" And, *Indian*-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals?* O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of Thee.
As wise as SOCRATES, if such they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)
*As wise as* SOCRATES, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.
A CHRISTIAN is the highest stile of man:
And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?
Ye sold to sense! Ye citizens of earth!
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
"Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
"A freedom far less welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulf of time; as far from Thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;

Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift: Eternity is All;
And whose Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing forever in the font of bliss!
Forever basking in the Deity!
LORENZO! who?—Thy conscience shall reply.
O give it leave to speak; 'twill speak ere long,
Thy leave unaskt: LORENZO! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild.
By the great edict, the divine decree,
*Truth* is deposited with man's *last hour*;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust;
*Truth*, eldest daughter of the Deity;
*Truth*, of his council, when he made the worlds;
Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made;
Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Smother'd with errors, and opprest with toys,
That heav'n commission'd hour no sooner calls,
But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,
The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame;
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
Dark *dæmons* I discharge, and *Hydra*-stings;
The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell:
Just definition! though by schools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! Peruse this Parson'd page,
And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest;
"Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

# NIGHT THE FIFTH.

## THE

# RELAPSE.

# NIGHT THE FIFTH.

## THE

# RELAPSE.

### TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

### THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

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.....

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.
As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *muse*
Has often blusht at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make a *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
*Wit*, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*.
*These* share the man; and these distract him too;
Draw diff'rent ways, and clash in their commands.
*Pride*, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
*Pleasure* embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: A point so hard how gain!
But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason's* taste;
In subtle *sophistry's* laborious forge,
*Wit* hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
*Wit* calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no more;
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
*Pleasure* and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By *wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
*Art*, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush
From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame;
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.
All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.
The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can pow'rs of genius exercise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?
But let not these inexpiable strains
Condemn the muse that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,
To visit Being universal there,
And Being's Source, that utmost flight of mind!
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*:

Sing *syrens* only ? Do not angels sing ?
There is in *poesy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to *prose*,
Her younger sister ; haply not more wise.
Think'st thou, LORENZO ! to find pastimes here ?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or silken tale :
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
*Truths*, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, thro' these revolving spheres,
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade :
*Thoughts*, such as shall revisit your last hour ;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires ;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight !* darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.
Yet this, ev'n *this*, my laughter-loving friends !
LORENZO ! and thy brothers of the smile !
If, what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel ;
And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent
Is ample recompence ; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD ! nor mistake ;
Think not un-introduc'd I force my way ;
NARCISSA, not unknown, not unally'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth !
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bow'rs,
Where all the language *harmony*, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse :
A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise ;
Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.
O Thou ! Blest Spirit ! *whether* the supreme,
Great antemundane Father ! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd

Present, tho' future; prior to themselves;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
*Or*, from his throne some delegated pow'r,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burst
From fam'd *Castalia:* Nor is it yet allay'd
My sacred thirst; tho' long my soul has rang'd
Thro' pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
By Thee sustain'd, and lighted by the STARS.
By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*;
*Nights* are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours:
By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.
Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
*Darkness* has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
To settle on Herself, our point supreme!
*There* lies our theatre! there sits our judge.
*Darkness* the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason's* reign,
And *virtue's* too; these tutelary shades
Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
*Night* is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.

*Virtue*, forever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,
Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: *Light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
*Present* example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
*Ambition* fires ambition; *love of gain*
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
*Riot*, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.
We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
*That* stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.
This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone.
*Vice* sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, thro' ev'ry distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
*Philosophy* the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience: All the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,
*Here* the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm;
All her lyes answers, and *thinks* down her charms.
What awful joy! What mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkness; rather say
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the clust'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade;
But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
*Thought* borrows light elsewhere; from that *first* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence descends
URANIA, my celestial guest! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *now*
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wandring thought recals, to what excites

Far other beat of heart! NARCISSA's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a *Stygian* vapour in my blood?
A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink; to be the *same*, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
*Reason*, a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
*Experience* damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
*Mortality* shook off, in Ether pure,
And struck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
(Inestimable gain!); and gives heav'n leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.
If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Ennobles man? What else have angels learnt?)

*Grief!* more proficients in thy school are made,
Than *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er could boast.
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This *book-case*, which dark booty almost burst,
This *forager* on other's wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not drest; and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her *servant's* wealth, incumber'd *wisdom* mourns.
And what says *genius?* "*Let the dull be wise.*"
*Genius*, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*;
Considers *reason* as a leveler;
And scorns to share a blessing with the croud.
That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
CRASSUS but sleeps, ARDELIO is undone.
*Wisdom* less shudders at a fool, than wit.
But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning shower;
Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, NARCISSA! welcome my *Relapse*;
I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign power
To chase the moral maladies of man;
*Thoughts*, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
Though natives of this coarse penurious soil;
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n.
*Reason*, the sun that gives them birth, the same
In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.

These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.
Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?
"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
"*Why* men decline it; *suicide's* foul birth;
"The various *kind of grief*; the *faults of age*;
"And *death's dread character*—invite my song."
And, first th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief:
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal *too soon*.
Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,
And bring it back, a true, and endless peace?
Calamities are *friends*: As glaring *day*
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
*Prosperity* puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA's stone;
(NARCISSA was thy fav'rite) let us read
Her *moral* stone; few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can strike: and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cause have *we* to build on length of life?
*Temptations* seize, when *fear* is laid asleep;
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
*Truth*, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,

And puts *delusion's* dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mists our sultry *passions* raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;
And shews the *real* estimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from *virtue's* rising charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thousand lies,
*Truth* bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driv'n by the whirlwind: Lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys *possest;*
Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight;
Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms;
In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,
If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
At the first blast it vanishes in air.
Not so, *celestial:* Would'st thou know, LORENZO!
How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine?*
Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.
More empty *worldly* wisdom ev'ry day;
And ev'ry day more fair her *rival* shines.
When *later*, there's less time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wisdom is expir'd
(Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave:)
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.
As worldly schemes resemble *Sibyl's* leaves,
The good man's days to *Sibyl's* books compare,
(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale)
In price still rising, as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final hour.
For That who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.

" O let me die his death !" all nature cries.
" Then live his life."—All nature faulters there.
Our great physician daily to consult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.
What grave prescribes the best ?—A friend's ; and yet,
From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage ?
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravisht from us ? 'Tis to bind,
By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reason*, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot !
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.
Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest ?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudest calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still ?
Tho' numerous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill ?
All heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.
Is it, that life has sown her *joys* so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between ?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng ?
Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream ?
*To-day* is so like *yesterday*, it cheats ;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, LORENZO ! like a brook ;
Forever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice :
To the same life none ever twice awoke.

We call the brook the same ; the same we think
Our life, tho' still more rapid in its flow ;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream ?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent ;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave ;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock ;
We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ?
Our brittle bark is burst on *Charon's* shore.
Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought ?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul !
Like *him* so strong, by *Dalilah* the fair ?
Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,
From looking down a precipice so steep ?
'Tis dreadful ; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The *good man* would repine ; would *suffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein ;
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.
What groan was that, LORENZO ?—Furies ! rise ;
And drown in your less execrable yell,
*Britannia's* shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, so thought—And *then* he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide !

An *island* in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beside!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.
But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd:
*Immoral* climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
And proves, It is thy folly, not thy fate.
The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *soul*,) a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taste;
*There* take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*.
But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of *earth*, for guests that came from *heav'n!*
Sink into slaves; and sell, for *present* hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loathe the basket full;
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement; tho' fast barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded strong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raise;

And moated round with fathomless *destruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, *Britons !* is the *cause*, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd ; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
*Thus* criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness ; but the madness of the *heart*.
And what is that ? Our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and *Suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush
Thro' sacred *nature's* murder, on their own,
Because they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of *wisdom !* if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an Eternity ;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic herald of our own ;
How read we such sad scenes ? As sent to man
In perfect vengeance ? No ; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and them impress,
Indelible, *death's* image on his heart ;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all ;
As the tide rushing rases what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.
LORENZO ! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh ?*
Or study'd the philosophy of *tears ?*
(A science, yet unlectur'd in our schools !)

Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.
Our fun'ral tears, from diff'rent causes rise.
As if from sep'rate cisterns in the soul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
*Some* ask more time, by curious *art* distill'd.
*Some* hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like MOSES' smitten rock, gush out amain.
*Some* weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear.
They dwell on praises, which they think they share;
And thus, without a blush, commend Themselves.
*Some* mourn, in proof, that something they could love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *shew*.
*Some* weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
*Some* mischievously weep, not unappris'd
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft *Ephesians* draw
Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As seen through chrystal, how their roses glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek?
Of her's not prouder *Egypt's* wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
*Some* weep at *death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own decease.
By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
*Passion*, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while *reason* sleeps;
Or gazes like an ideot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;

Knows not it speaks to *her*, and her *alone*.
*Irrationals* all sorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy.
But *these* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pumpt up by *death*
Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life;
In making *folly* flourish still more fair.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
Tho' there thrown down her true support to learn,
Without heav'n's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Tho' from the stately cedars arms she fell;
With stale, foresworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life:
Presents her *weed*, well-fancy'd at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's-head*, on the ring.
*So* wept AURELIA, till the destin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching sables into bridal bloom.
*So* wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doates;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not such, NARCISSA, my distress for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
To sacrifice to wisdom.—What wast thou?
"*Young*, *gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe;
(Heav'n knows I labour with severer still!)

I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant to ruin runs.
And, first, thy *youth*. What says it to grey hairs!
NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n.
*Time* on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe
Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair;
With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulness of death:
As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
*Death* has advanc'd too near us to be seen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead prescription from the grave;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault?
How few themselves, in that just mirror, see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
*There* death is certain; doubtful *here*: He *must*,
And *soon*; We *may*, within an *age*, expire.

Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
*Folly* sings Six, while *nature* points at Twelve.
Absur'd *longevity!* More, More, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
*Object*, and *appetite*, must club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *nature* is relaxing ev'ry string?
Ask *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal; learn ev'n Now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
*Divine*, or *none*, henceforth your joys forever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.
That wish is *praise*, and *promise*; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking: It makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
*Peace* and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*;
Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
*Folly* bars both; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
*Age* should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*; and the *will's* subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;

And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene!
All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost forever.
Dost ask, LORENZO, why so warmly press,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? That thought is the machine,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the dust,
And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave;
How warmly to be wisht! What heart of flesh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language *too well* known to thee)
Would at a moment give its *All* to chance,
And *stamp* the die for an eternity?
Aid me, NARCISSA! aid me to keep pace
With *destiny*; and ere her scissors cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my slumb'ring *reason* to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To sally; and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man;
Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *nature* sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death ?
*Backward* I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quoditian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, His; my *yesterday*;
The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us near to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.
Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives ?
If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *strength* and *ardour*; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline !
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude visitant !) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear !
Be death your theme, in ev'ry place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental Sires !
A brother tomb to tell you, you shall die.
That death you *dread* (so great is nature's skill !)
Know, you shall *court* before you shall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you sit;
In wisdom, shallow : Pompous ignorance !
Would you be still more learned, than the learn'd ?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indispensable, eternal fruit;
Fruit on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:

And dive in *science* for distinguisht names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride;
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: Or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *sarcastic*, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths!
Tho' great our sorrow, greater our surprise.
Like other tyrants, *death* delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb:
Me thine, NARCISSA!—What tho' short thy date?
*Virtue*, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth METHUSALEMS may die;
O how *misdated* on their flatt'ring tombs!
NARCISSA's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counsel too?
That, like the *Jews* fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill known to thee, LORENZO! *This* thy vaunt:
" Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;

" Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave;
" Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
" But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
*Wretched* and *old* thou giv'st him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, " The farthest from the *fear*,
" Are often nearest to the *stroke* of Fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers should emit a flame,
Glad spirits sparkled from NARCISSA's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live,
As nature's opposites wage endless war,
For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
Inviolable stupor of his reign,
Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition*, sleep,
*Death* took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
More life is still more odious; and, reduc'd
By conquest, aggrandizes more his pow'r.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By heav'n's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.
*Thus* runs death's dread commission: " Strike, but *so*,
" As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprise*,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim;
And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.
*This* proves my bold assertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
*Tiberian* arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* assumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all shapes that serve his black designs:
Though master of a wider empire far
Than that, o'er which the *Roman* eagle flew.

Like *Nero*, he's a fiddler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guise;
Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,
His disarray'd oblation he devours.
He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self. Hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such, on NARCISSA's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen
To *smile*; such peace has innocence in death!
Most happy they! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heav'n*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant *dress*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
Say, muse, for thou remembers't, call it back,
And shew LORENZO the surprising scene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.
'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood.
*Death* would have enter'd; *nature* pusht him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismist*
The sage; for *death* design'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *usurer*
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *spendthrift*; whose fantastic air,
Well fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly shafts in MYRA's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt,
Out-sallies on adventures. Ask you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* suffice; sure as night follows day,
*Death* treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When *pleasure* treads the paths, which *reason* shuns,
When, against *reason*, *riot* shuts the door,
And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,
Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
*Death* leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
*Inly* he laughs to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: And when the revel burns,
When *fear* is banish'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key; and bids him sup
With their progenitors—He drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.
Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than simple conquest*, in the fiend?
And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fixt;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And *fate* surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)
Hide too from Thee the precious *use* of life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's fate.
Soon, not surprising, *death* his visit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme,)
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And ev'ry glitt'ring gew-gaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
*Death's* dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And ev'ry thought that misses it, is blind.
*Fortune*, with *youth*, and *gaiety*, conspir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness
(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow.
And could *death* charge though such a shining shield?
That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentious is posterity!
How, comet like, it threatens, while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honors bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
Set up in ostentation made the gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our ev'ning's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey.
*High fortune* seems in cruel league with *fate*.
Ask you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns LORENZO still for the sublime.

Of life? to hang his airy nest on high,
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *death* at equal distance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happiness *deny'd?*
LORENZO! no: 'Tis happiness *disdain'd.*
*She* comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.
*Ambition* turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
As late I drew *death's* picture, to stir up
Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden show'r.
*Gold* glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more;
As stars from absent sons have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennell'd from the prisons and the stews,
Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praise;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,

Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
Georg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
Sagacious All, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er just, o'er sacred, all forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
*Some* darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
Thro' fury to possess it: *Some* succeed,
But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *some*, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
*Some* o'er enamour'd of their bags, run man,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *some* (unhappy rivals!) seize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at those,
(Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
*Fortune* is famous for her numbers slain,
The number small, which happiness can bear.
Tho' *various* for a while their fates; at last
*One* curse involves them all: At death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn, in just proportion to their store.
And *death's* approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of *fortune's* smiles.
And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?
*Death* loves a shining mark, a signal blow;

A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.
These high-aim'd darts of *death*, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which suspended in mid-air,
Or near heav'n's *archer*, in the zodiack, hung,
(So could it be) *should* draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A constellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave;
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
"From greater danger to grow more secure,
"And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."
LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair ASPASIA: She was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finisht happiness?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel;)
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.

Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears suffice?—But not for *me.*
How vain our efforts! and our arts, how vain!
The *distant* train of thought I took, to shun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*These* died together;
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
NARCISSA! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou wast only *near* me; not *myself.*
Survive *myself?*—*That* cures all other woe.
NARCISSA lives; PHILANDER is forgot.
O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the soul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *such* friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.

# NIGHT THE SIXTH.

## THE

# INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

*IN TWO PARTS.*

CONTAINING

## THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE,

OF

# IMMORTALITY.

*PART THE FIRST.*

Where, among other things, GLORY and RICHES are particularly considered.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## HENRY PELHAM,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

# PREFACE.

*FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion, than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question,* Is man immortal, or is he not? *If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case,* truth, reason, religion, *which gives our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty sound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the* real *source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.*

Sensible appearances *affect most men much more than* abstract reasonings; *and we daily see* bodies *drop around us, but the* soul *is invisible. The power which* inclination *has over the* judgment, *is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they rather* hoped, *than firmly* believed *immortality! And how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel: but by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their* immortality, *at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious*

*eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.*

*Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall,* here, *occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the* most *important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason only;* viz. *because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must forever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by* vanity; *which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our Belief.*

# THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

## *PART THE FIRST.*

.....
.....

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heav'n)
Not early, like NARCISSA, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd med'cine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy pressure's still-increasing weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress.
O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it so)
With dismal *doubt*, and sable *terror*, hung;
Sick *hope's* pale lamp its only glimm'ring ray:
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter, there.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!
In smiles she sunk *her* grief to lessen *mine*.
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
*Death* urg'd his deadly seige; in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!
(Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
And thou, O moon! bear witness; many a night
*He* tore the pillow from beneath my head,

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

Ty'd down my sore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation! darker ev'ry hour!
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my soul shudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wise?
Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars
Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our *transition*; tho' the mind,
An artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
*Death's* portrait true? The tyrant never *sat*.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
*Death*, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
*Fear* shakes the pencil; *fancy* loves excess;
Dark *ignorance* is lavish of her shades:
And *these* the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!

Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the soul unsated with her theme.
Its *nature, proof, importance,* fire my song.
O that my song could emulate my soul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the soul disdains
A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel,* but the *palm,* inspire.
Thy *nature,* immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun forever; dipt by cruel fate
In *Stygian* dye, how *black,* how *brittle here!*
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*
To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of *reason,* scatter'd wide
Thro' habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of universal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which support archangels in their state)
Our own! To rise in science, as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote; and leave
No mystery—but that of Love Divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's *aceldama,* this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness, and from dust, *such* a scene!

Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
Blest absolution of our blackest hour!
LORENZO, these are thoughts that make man Man,
The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
How Great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
The clod *we* tread; soon trodden by our sons)
How great, in the wild whirl of *time's* pursuits,
To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
'Thro' the long visto of a thousand years,
'To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine!
'To prophecy our own futurities;
'To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale!
LORENZO, swells thy bosom at the thought?
The swell becomes thee: 'Tis an honest pride.
Revere thyself;—and yet thyself despise.
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modest, where thou should'st be proud;
That almost universal error shun.
How *just* our pride, when we behold *those* heights!
Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
*Reason* points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
And angels emulate; our pride how just!
When mount we? When these shackles cast? When quit
This cell of the creation? This small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud and fine spun air?
Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent
'To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;

Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther shore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, with angels praise and share?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.
What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the sick!
Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!
In an *Eternity*, what scenes shall strike!
Adventures thicken! novelties surprise!
What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there!*
*There*, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the *lab'ring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters at one glance the ravisht sight.
From some superior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of Ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port? The *least*
Of these disseminated orbs how great!

Great as they are, what numbers These surpass,
Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceiv'd ! *Stupendous* These !
Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole ?*
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd ;
As circulating globules in our veins ;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine !
Exub'rant Source ! perhaps, I wrong thee still.
If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence ! Yet this the least in heaven.
What *this* to that illustrious robe *He* wears,
Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power ?
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heaven ?
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest ?
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy :
The *bare* ideas ! Solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below.
And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death ?
And toil we still for sublunary pay ?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design ;
(Fine net-work of the brain !) to catch a fly !
The momentary buz of vain renown !
A *name !* a mortal immortality !
Or (meaner still !) instead of grasping air,
For sordid *lucre* plunge me in the mire ?
Drudge, sweat, through ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,
For vile contaminating trash ; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man ?

And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold ?
*Ambition, avarice ;* the two *dæmons* these,
Which goad through ev'ry slough our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop ! How steep they climb !
These *dæmons* burn mankind ; but most possess
LORENZO'S bosom, and turn out the skies.
Is it in *time* to hide *eternity ?*
And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean ? or a mote, the sun ?
*Glory* and *wealth !* have they this blinding pow'r ?
What if to *them* I prove LORENZO blind ?
Would it surprise thee ? Be thou then surpris'd ;
Thou *neither* know'st : Their nature learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connexion ties them to my theme.
First, what is *true* ambition ? The pursuit
Of glory, nothing *less* than can share.
Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as We ;
But not *celestial. Here* we stand *alone ;*
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent ;
If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame ;
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
A slender portion ! and a narrow bound !
These *reason,* with an energy divine,
O'erleaps ; and claims the *future* and *unseen ;*
The vast unseen ! the future fathomless !
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross *nature's* sediments below,
Then, and then only, *Adam's* offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
*This* is ambition : This is *human* fire.
Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders !) make
LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng ?

*Genius* and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
*Dedalian* engin'ry! If These alone
Assist our flight, *fame's* flight is *glory's* fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise——
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *pow'rs*.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
*Reason* the means, *affections* chuse our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom: Worldly-wise
Is but *half*-witted, at its highest praise.
Let *genius* then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *station*: What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers, are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
*External* homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; *all more* is merits due,

Her sacred and inviolable right ;
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth* ;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur ;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without ?
Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize ?
Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' percht on *Alps* ;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself :
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids* :
Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause ?
The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r ;
What station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before* ?
Then thou before wast something *less* than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ?
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity ;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man :
An angel's second ; nor his second, long.
A NERO quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
If nobler motives minister no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place: 'Tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for Thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man;
Tho' no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And tho' it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, tho' disgrac'd,
Nor leave the pendant on a master's smile,
*Other* ambition *nature* interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a swathe, at *first*, his whole demand;
His whole domain, at *last*, a turf, or stone;
To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *just* ambition, to the grand result,
The *curtain's* fall; *there*, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene;
Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To *Christian* pride! which had with horror shocks
The darkest *pagans*, offer'd to their gods.
O thou *most Christian* enemy to peace!
Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.
Why *this* so rare? Because forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge; that day, which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
LORENZO, never shut thy thought against it;
Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,

And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is That *ambition?* Then let flames *descend*,
Point to the centre their invited spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul,
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet *these* are they, the world pronounces wise;
The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And casts *new* wisdom: Ev'n the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
By reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness and true renown;
Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.
*Ambition!* pow'rful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
And swifter flight transports us to the skies;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close grated by the sordid bars of *sense*;
All prospect of eternity shut out;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.
With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,

Find we LORENZO wiser in his *wealth?*
What if thy rental I reform? and draw
An inventory *new* to set the right?
Where, thy *true* treasure? Gold says, "Not in me:"
And, "Not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor;
*India's* insolvent: Seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heav'ns;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their raidant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wond'rous world they see.
Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.
*Objects* are but th' occasion; ours th' *exploit*;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
Say then, Shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When Heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees?
Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.
What wealth in *senses* such as these! What wealth
In *fancy*, fir d to form a fairer scene
Than *sense* surveys! In *mem'ry's* firm record,
Which, should it perish, could this world recal
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours fresh, originally bright,

Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that sov'reign pow'r!
Which *sense* and *fancy*, summons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the mass those *underlings* import,
From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *science*, *government*, and *law*;
The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair
Of *His* idea, whose indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliss.
What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
Th' Almighty *Fiat* and the *trumpet's sound!*
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to rise!
Souls that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild thro' things impossible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chuse, in *pow'r* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to *perpetuate*——boundless bliss!
Ask you, what *pow'r* resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? Is *virtue's* then unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure; its income is divine.
High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng?

Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish from disploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New masters court, and call the former fool
(How justly!) for dependance on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our play-things; then, our dust.
Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme:
Riches enable to be richer still;
And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master!) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, and endless train!
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both *Indies* cannot cure.
A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness.
A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where heav'n can give no more!
*More*, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flow'rs; and stings us with success.
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
Much learning shews how little mortals *know*;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy*:
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,

They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.
How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her pow'r.
The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this! A *being*
Of such inherent strengh and majesty,
Not worlds possest can raise it; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course,
When thine, O *Nature!* ends; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this!*
The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man.
*Immortal!* Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity forever future! Life
Beginning still where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a *Deity!*
'Tis the description of the *meanest slave:*
The meanest slave dares then LORENZO scorn?
The meanest slave thy *sov'reign* glory shares?
Proud youth! fastidious of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;
Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.
IMMORTAL! What can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul?* It thunders to the thought;
*Reason* amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds

Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.
Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame?
*Immortal!* Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heav'n!
O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
From vile imprisonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains*, *abasements*, *emptiness*,
The soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *those*, and *these* their lustre lose;
*Eternity* depending covers all;
*Eternity* depending all atchieves;
Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *Immortality's* full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost!
Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
Were seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would sink,
And levell'd *Atlas* leave an even sphere.
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast round.

To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
*Time's* toys subside; and *equal* all below.
Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
*Some* souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled,
And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.
And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine!
*Too great* the bounty seems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss?
In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song?
Are there, LORENZO? Is it possible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its inestimable gem?
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then*, no more.
Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? Who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? Who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,

And, with reverst ambition, strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through th' opposing pow'rs
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night; night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves?*
To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire?*
All things proclaim it *needful;* some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure.*
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From *heav'n,* and *earth,* and *man.* Indulge a few,
By nature, as her *common habit,* worn;
So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
THOU! whose all-providential Eye surveys,
Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant august!
Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
*Thy* glorious Immortality in *man:*
A theme forever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love Thee most, who most adore.
*Nature,* thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable,* to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
LORENZO to this heav'nly *Delphos* haste;

And come back all-immortal; all-divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the *Summer* gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid *Autumn*: *Winter* grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits away:
Then melts into the *Spring*: Soft *Spring*, with breath
*Favonian*, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the *first*. All to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
*Nature* revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
*That* gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
*Ardent* and *tremulous*, like flame, ascends,
*Zeal* and *humility* her wings, to heav'n.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall forever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.
What hence infers LORENZO? Can it be?
*Matter* immortal? And shall *Spirit* die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall Man alone,
Imperial Man! be sown in barren ground,
Less priveleg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death's* single unredeem'd?
If nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.

Look nature thro', 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: What love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and sense;
There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part etherial; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends.
Wide yawns the gap; connexion is no more;
Check'd *reason* halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;
A scheme, *analogy* pronounc'd so true;
*Analogy*, man's surest guide below.
Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
And will LORENZO, careless of the call,
False attestation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the *risk* of heav'n?
O what indignity to deathless souls!
What treason to the majesty of man!
Of man *immortal!* Hear the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
"Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,
"And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
"The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
"As tow'ring flame from *nature's* fun'ral pyre;
"O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
"His charter, his inviolable rights,
"Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
"Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

But these chimeras touch not thee, LORENZO!
The glories of the world thy sev'nfold *shield.*
*Other* ambition than of crowns in air,
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next.*
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious!* let us mount together
(To mount, LORENZO never can refuse;)
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth. What seest thou? Wond'rous things!
Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand;
What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.
Some mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise;
And *Neptune* holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn; to *delicate* and *grand,*
The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High thro' mid-air, *here,* streams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there,* laid by in basons, sleep.
*Here,* plains turn oceans; *there,* vast oceans join
Thro' kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?

See fields in blood ; hear naval thunders rise ;
BRITANNIA's voice ! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-sea, furious waves ! Their roar amidst,
Out-speaks the Deity, and says, " O main !
" Thus far, nor farther ; *new* restraints obey."
Earth's disembowel'd ! measur'd are the skies !
Stars are detected in their deep recess !
Creation widens ! vanquish'd *nature* yields !
Her secrets are extorted ! *art* prevails !
What monument of genius, spirit, power !
And now, LORENZO ! raptur'd at this scene,
Whose glories render heav'n superfluous ! say,
Whose footsteps these ?—*Immortals* have been here.
Could less than souls immortal this have done ?
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal ;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
These are *ambition's* works : And these are great :
But *this*, the least immortal souls can do ;
Transcend them all—But what can these transcend ?
Dost ask me what ?—One sigh for the *distrest*.
What then for *infidels* ?—A *deeper* sigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man :
How *little* they, who think aught *great* below ?
All our ambitions death defeats, but one ;
And that it crowns.—Here cease we : But, ere long,
More pow'rful *proof* shall take the field against thee,
Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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